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December 30, 1961

NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

It Says Here...

ALOISE B. HEATH

The Cold War and Its Origins

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

A Tribute to Styles Bridges

FORREST DAVIS and ALEX HILLMAN

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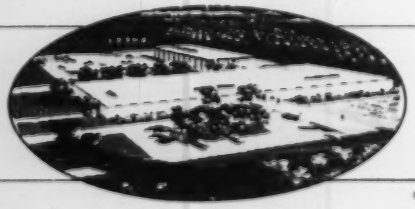

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **Aloise Buckley Heath** describes Christmas Eve at the Heath household. "If you'd like to know why I don't get Christmas work done ahead of time," she wrote on the margin of her manuscript, "it's because every Christmas is made hideous by having to write a Christmas article for NATIONAL REVIEW's Christmas issue." In which case, if we are to be held responsible for a role in contributing to the very Special Character of Mrs. Heath's Christmases, we take a deep bow. . . . **Forrest Davis,** who only three weeks ago lost his beloved wife, writes movingly about the death of an old friend and companion, Styles Bridges. **Alex Hillman,** co-author of the piece, is the founder of the Hillman Publishing Company (publishers of the paper-back editions of *Conscience of a Conservative* and *Up From Liberalism*) and a lifetime friend of Senator Bridges. . . . Professor **Hans Sennholz** of Grove City College, a distinguished economist, warns us that the political instability of Berlin has caused a quite unnatural flow of gold to come into this country. Don't assume the gold crisis is mended by New Frontier economics.

➔ Around the world: **James Burnham** does his best, which is incomparably good, to untangle Katanga. . . . **Wm. Buckley Jr.** is back from Formosa and reports on the iron resolve of Chiang Kai-shek and his associates to go back to the Mainland. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** discusses the background against which one must weigh the actions of the Communists Hoxha and Tito . . . General **Russell Kirk** has engaged one of his divisions in his 100-Years-War against Michigan State University, and wins a stunning and easy victory.

➔ **Edgar Ansel Mowrer,** the author, columnist and ace journalist, reviews an important new book by some professor somewhere whose thesis is that the West is responsible for the Cold War. The West isn't, of course; but some etiologist somewhere ought to write a book inquiring whether the West is responsible for the moral cretinism that goes into the devising of such theses as the professor's. . . . Professor **Ernest van den Haag** writes about one of the most exciting books of the season, Mrs. Jacobs' anti-planning *The Death and Life of Great American Cities.* **Mr. van den Haag, a social philosopher,** is very hard to please, as any number of authors, showing their scars, will attest: but Mrs. Jacobs, he feels, is really on to something.

➔ **Professor Guy Davenport** (Haverford) writes entertainingly and competently about some of the opulent books, and non-books, available for the Christmas shopper. . . . **Bill Rickenbacker,** an amateur pianist and professional critic, writes cautiously about the marathon Mr. Artur Rubinstein recently ran at Carnegie Hall. . . . And **William von Dreele** has a go at another legend of our times. ➔

The WEEK

● It seemed an inspiration when the United Nations building in New York was formally inaugurated in October 1952—an appropriate inscription carved in foot-high letters in the granite parapet facing the building. In December 1961, the chosen inscription seemed less felicitous. It reads: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

● It has become dreadfully clear that the United Nations is out of control. The United States must, as a matter of self-protection, modify its basic attitude towards it. As a beginning, as a symbolic act, the President must remove Adlai Stevenson as ambassador. Congress must vigorously investigate the Katanga episode. We must, then, use our power to depoliticalize the United Nations, to strip it down to its technical and clerical functions. Anticipating the accumulation of political power in the hands of inimical or irresponsible blocs of nations, NATIONAL REVIEW advocated five years ago the abolition of the Security Council and the General Assembly while maintaining the Secretariat and its complex—recommendations whose cogency is stressed by the recent events.

● Where is Governor Nelson Rockefeller, the leader, the international statesman, the man of action? Goodness knows he has had great and heart-rending personal troubles. But is he politically incapacitated? He was the only prominent Republican who two months ago failed to encourage the Committee of One Million's demonstration against the admission of Red China. Last week he was, once again, the single prominent Republican in America who has been silent as the tomb on the matter of Katanga. Moreover, one of his aides, Mr. Martin McKneally, former national commander of the American Legion, endorsed the committee's statement on Katanga: then suddenly, giving reasons too complicated for the human mind to follow, withdrew. McKneally is not a tergiversator by nature. What is Rockefeller up to? Or, perhaps more accurately, what is he not up to?

● Senator Strom Thurmond, in an interview with *Chicago Tribune* reporter Joseph Hearst, says he expects to be smeared as an "extremist" when the Senate hearings on military censorship open in January. "But the evidence will be good and solid and we will be able to prove our case," he says. He stresses that the hearings by the special Senate subcommittee will cover not only the General Walker case, but also the entire spectrum of censorship of anti-Communist programs. More than 1,500 speeches by military officers have already been obtained and screened for evidence of censorship. More than 200 instances of censorship have been found, and Thurmond hopes to prove that the State Department is responsible for much of it. Also under review are numerous motion pictures used in troop education programs, and tape recordings of the controversial public seminars in which military men participated. Senator Thurmond's own office staff has been working hard in preparation for the hearings, and the general accounting office has lent two of its investigators to assist in research work.

● A photograph in a recent *U.S. News & World Report* shows a young American Peace Corpsman teaching a science class in Nigeria clad in what is labelled as "typical African dress." The students are attired in what might be called "typical Western dress."

● Mr. C. Lloyd Bailey, Executive Director of the U.S. Committee for UNICEF, has informed *NR* that the cash collected on Hallowe'en for UNICEF was not spent on guns to shoot Katangans with. The extra cash for the UN invasion of Katanga came from U.S. Government funds previously appropriated for UNICEF but temporarily lent in support of UN armed aggression. It makes quite a difference. Everyone knows you shouldn't rob little children, and even bureaucrats know that it's all right to rob the American taxpayer.

● Eichmann will die, and who will grieve for him? The Israeli Court set out to prove, among other things, that Hitler's genocidal policies earned the subjective approval of Eichmann, and that therefore the immunities which would normally attach to those who were merely executing orders that came down from their superiors, did not shield him from prosecution. We suspect they proved that all right—that Eichmann was perfectly content as a Stakhanovite Jew-killer. Even so, let us hope the Eichmann trial does not come to exercise a paradigmatic influence on the evolution of international law. One feels uneasy in a world in which a law enforcement agency seizes its defendants in a foreign country, drugs and abducts them to the site of a trial which operates under the authority of a state that did not exist when the crime was committed, whose accusers are also its judges, and who invoke a law that did not exist when the crime was committed. Eichmann should die: but it should not be assumed that what he got was due process. What he got was blood vengeance, and there was, and was pre-eminently in this case, if ever there can be, sufficient cause for the administration of blood vengeance.

● To still the shouting and tumult caused by the discovery that the United States Air Force has been training Yugoslavian jet fighter pilots so that they can handle the F-86Ds we have sold at next to nothing, the Kennedy Administration has sought refuge in the apology that the whole deal was made under Eisenhower. What is less widely known is this: that, on June 5, 1958, Senator John F. Kennedy introduced in the Senate an amendment to the Battle Act, the effect of which would have been to authorize economic aid to all Communist countries but Soviet Russia, Red China, and North Korea—*whenever the President* might determine that that aid would advance the security of the United States. The Eisenhower Administration opposed the Kennedy amendment, and it was defeated, 43 to 42, by a vote on an opposing amendment offered by Senator William F. Knowland. It is obvious that President Kennedy agrees in principle with the Yugoslav deal, and that he is unwilling to state his principles in public. If he did that, he might *really* get this country moving.

● President Moise Tshombe of Katanga (U Thant and the State Department permitting) will speak at the March 7 Young Americans for Freedom rally in Madison Square Garden. Tshombe will accept an award in behalf of the Katanga people "for their dedicated stand against Communism," and "their continuing fight for freedom." In his cabled reply, at the moment that the hired troops of the United Nations were pressing into the heart of Elisabethville, Tshombe made an eloquent plea for a reversal of the U.S. policy in the Congo. "We are stunned and shocked by your State Department's support of ill-conceived United Nations aggression," he said. "I implore the American people to ask their State Department of what are we guilty, what crime have we committed that our women and children deserve to be slaughtered in the streets. We pray that American people will look at Katanga's record and be with us. Only Soviet Union profits by Katanga's destruction."

● WAKE UP TO THE WASHINGTON POST EVERY MORNING says the *Post*, puffing itself in its own pages. Brinkmanship if we ever saw it: if the *Post* readers ever did wake up, the paper would fold.

● The firm of Deering Milliken, with headquarters in Spartanburg, South Carolina, dared two weeks ago to sponsor (statewide) the three-hour anti-Communist telethon that took place a couple of months ago in Hollywood, featuring such speakers as Walter Judd, Leon Skousen, John Wayne, and others. It looked risky: a lot of money to sink into a single program, but the company's president, Mr. Roger Milliken, who will receive the Annual Award for Business of the Young Americans for Freedom next March at Madison Square Garden, does not quail when he is convinced of the possibility of rendering a public service. What happened is South Carolina television history. Not in all the years of television has any feature been so widely and so enthusiastically commended by the public and the press: and even though Deering Milliken was mentioned only three times during the three hours, its offices have been deluged by congratulations. "We have never in our experience done anything more effective to promote a high public regard for our firm," said Mr. Milliken. A few national business concerns are at this moment considering sponsoring a national telecast of the Hollywood meeting. They should call up a South Carolinian—any South Carolinian—if they wish to know whether it is a sound means to make the public better acquainted with their products. Large corporations are often commended for making grants to universities, or publishing gems of wisdom from the great philosophers: why should it not be good business to add to the public understanding about the nature of the Communist threat? Certainly it is in the public interest.

Katanga, the Committee, the UN

As we write, the fighting has abated in Katanga, and it becomes hard to believe that for almost two weeks the United Nations was dropping bombs on schools and hospitals and was strafing civilians in order to appease the backers of a disordered government in Léopoldville which desires to dominate Katanga Province. Out of the rubble much thought must be taken, to understand the causes of that most importunate act in the history of international peace-loving agencies, and to determine how a nation struggling to maintain its own freedom—our own nation—must revise its views about the usefulness of the United Nations to its own purposes.

Meanwhile, a few words about some of the events of last week:

1. *The Committee.* Over the weekend of December 9-10, a small group met and initiated the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters. The Executive Committee, which included most of the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, elected as chairman Dr. Max Yergan, the noted Negro educator, and telegrams went out to over one hundred persons, who were addressed, as the telegram put it, "without reference to your domestic political alignments." The Committee was flooded by acceptances. Professors from 27 different colleges telegraphed their endorsements. Not a single person generally identified as a Liberal endorsed the Committee, though many were invited.

2. *The episode of Everett Dirksen.* Senator Dirksen

For the Record

Castro, say Cuban sources, will quit OAS early next year and take Cuba into Warsaw Pact. . . . The UN Economic Committee for Latin America reports that Cuba had half a million more persons seasonally unemployed and 190,000 more permanently unemployed in 1961 than in 1958. . . . A New York political bigwig estimates that Castro agents, working with Puerto Rican nationalist elements, can deliver a bigger vote in five boroughs than the GOP organization.

Great confusion in New York over political intentions of Nelson Rockefeller. Fact: the Governor's indecisiveness relates to his determination to marry again. He and his aides are worried about political consequences involved. . . . Probable outcome of Democratic infighting for positions in House as result of Sam Rayburn's death: Rep. Carl Albert (Okla.) will succeed John McCormack (Mass.) as Majority Leader and Rep. Richard Bolling (Mo.)—a Liberal des Libéraux, who badly wants the job—will be recompensed by appointment as Chairman of a new, strong Democratic Policy Committee. (GOP has had a House Policy Committee since 1949, but Speaker Sam would have none of it for his party.) . . . Rep. Peter Garland of Maine, reported by NR to be moving away from conservative position, emerged from last session with flashy voting record: ACA, 92%; ADA, 10%; IUD (Industrial Union Dept. of AFL-CIO) 0%.

The two newsmen wounded while driving from Elisabethville to Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, were, it now turns out, shot by Swedish UN troops. . . . The U.S. Time Corporation announces it will not build a $5 million watch factory in India because of India's invasion of Goa.

The Povl Bang-Jensen Memorial Fund (P.O. Box 3206, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 17, N.Y.) making new appeal in drive to collect funds for education of Bang-Jensen's five children. . . . For information on two summer schools Tuller Foundation (for Advancement of Economic Understanding) will hold in northeast next June write: Tuller Foundation, Tuller Bldg., Princeton, N.J.

Brisk market developing in canned distilled water for fallout shelters. Reason: many claim it tastes better than tapwater in highballs.

received the identical telegram everyone else received, which included the request: "Please wire . . . if we may list you as a sponsor." On Tuesday afternoon, the Committee received a wire: "JUST SAW PROPOSED STATEMENT IN YOUR WIRE OF DECEMBER 10. I CONCUR. /s/ EVERETT MCKINLEY DIRKSEN." The next morning the advertisement appeared in the *New York Times*, and in a matter of hours became front-page news all over the world. Whereupon Senator Dirksen made a statement to the press saying he had not authorized the use of his name by the Committee, although he concurred with the Committee's aims. The Senator could not be reached by telephone, although his office, when informed that the Committee intended to turn the Senator's telegram over to the Justice Department to inquire whether someone had illegally forged the Senator's name, admitted he had sent the telegram, but clung to the story that it did not authorize the use of the Senator's name.

It transpired that at 10 A.M. or thereabouts the Senator had had a call from the President of the United States. It was a few minutes later that the Senator repudiated his own telegram. Pretty clearly a case of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. (Perhaps the President promised the Senator that if he would withdraw from the Katanga Committee, he'd fire Adlai Stevenson, rewarding Senator Dirksen with a pushover opponent during next fall's elections?) Well, let the man who has stood firm under direct Presidential pressures fire the first shot; but we must grant that Senator Dirksen presented a well-exposed target. The columnist Murray Kempton took very careful aim and commented: "The Katanga Freedom Fighters Committee has begun as most causes end, from Thomas E. Dewey's to Joe McCarthy's, with the desertion of Everett M. Dirksen." But whatever the afterthought, the impulse was correct.

3. *The press reaction*: The press handled the Committee with considerable interest, no doubt because it became immediately clear that the Committee had catalyzed tremendous pressures which went to work on the President to modify his policy of support for the United Nations action. Several hours after the Committee's statement was made, Mr. Kennedy promised—for the first time—that he would work for a cease-fire. Opponents of the Committee arose primarily from the fever-swamps of the Left. Thus the chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, a professor of political science at Harvard, eschewing analysis, denounced the whole thing as an operation of the John Birch Society, and has declared that the Committee was "giving aid and comfort to the Communists." (*I.e.*, the professor used exactly the tactics which are allegedly characteristic of the John Birch Society: Guilt by association; those who disagree with us are doing the Communists' work. Question: How would the ADA respond to a declaration by

Robert Welch that 2 plus 2 equals 4?) The *New York Post*, whose editor James Wechsler has never quite got out of the habit, formed during his Communist days, of approaching all problems under the rubric *Cherchez le bourgeois!* saw the Committee as a Great Capitalist Plot to turn over Africa to the White Exploiters (Hmm. Interesting idea . . .), and hinted that it was run by personal political profiteers. And a surprisingly intemperate editorial ("shrill and shallow propaganda") in the *New York Herald Tribune* had the brand of a man who has never, so far as the record shows, given birth to a single distinguished thought on any subject, but knows well how to write crossly about his betters . . . But as we say, the response to the Committee was immediate and overwhelmingly favorable. The Committee's address, by the way, is 79 Madison Avenue, New York 16.

4. *The defense.* The Administration tried desperately to justify the United Nations action against Tshombe, but it became more and more difficult to do as the people of the world slowly woke to the strategic and moral meaning of what was going on. The pressure from France intensified, and finally, taking action about as drastic as one can take and still remain a member of the body, France denied to the United Nations overfly rights for any airplane headed towards the Congo. And Great Britain said it might not continue to share in the cost of the continuing operation and refused to turn over bombs to the UN command. Meanwhile Tshombe was learning what so many other world statesmen have learned, namely, the high cost of pro-Westernism. The argument was advanced by the Administration's apologists that, without subduing Katanga, the Central Government cannot cope with the Communist Gizenga, or restore order. One replies: there was order in Katanga before the United Nations forces began to fire; and there is no indication whatever that the Adoula Government has the power or the will to move effectively against the separatism of its own vice premier's province.

On the other hand, there is every indication that if Tshombe goes out of power, Katanga may be reduced to the same disorder which has afflicted the balance of the Congo: and on disorder, Communism thrives. And finally: even assuming the strategic reckonings of the United States delegation in the United Nations were correct (which would mean that the Soviet Union's reckonings were incorrect, for the Communists wholeheartedly back the war against Katanga, which they would hardly have done if they had believed it would be anti-Communist in effect), is the Army of the United Nations from now on to start shooting people who reach political decisions displeasing to the Security Council of the United Nations?

Gone Goa

There is no point wasting more print on the "moral" aspects of India's aggression against the Portuguese province of Goa (a region to which the Indian government has not the slightest legal or historical claim). Nehru's tiresome moralizing has never struck us as anything more than a greasy coating for his devious, shrewd and egocentric political operations, based subjectively on his ambivalent passion of envy and hatred of the West. Let his admirers beat their breasts over his "blow at peace," "betrayal of his own principles," etc., etc. They will get over their grief soon enough, and find highly moral new excuses for their guru's behavior. Kicked mongrels whine and growl a bit, but soon crawl back to lick the offending boots.

Arthur Krock summed up the moral side well enough for our taste: "Conscience might trouble another statesman in the circumstances, but Nehru has always been able to reconcile his own with conflicting actions—such as the denial of a plebiscite in Kashmir—and with his general assumption of the moral leadership of the world."

But Goa should not be allowed to recede into the Hindu mist without putting on record a bare outline, at least, of some of its political lessons.

1. Goa confirms the ludicrous falsity of our official estimates of Nehru, and the other neutralist leaders.

2. Goa confirms that the neutralists' professions of pacifism, non-violence, democracy, "rule of law," etc., are merely psychological reflexes of their own defects in power, designed to paralyze the will of the West to employ its own power effectively; and are unceremoniously nullified whenever a neutralist nation is in a position of strength enabling it to win a desired objective. (We will go ahead in Goa, Indian delegate C. S. Jha informed the UN, "Charter or no Charter, Council or no Council"—and so saith Sukarno, *in re* Dutch Guinea.)

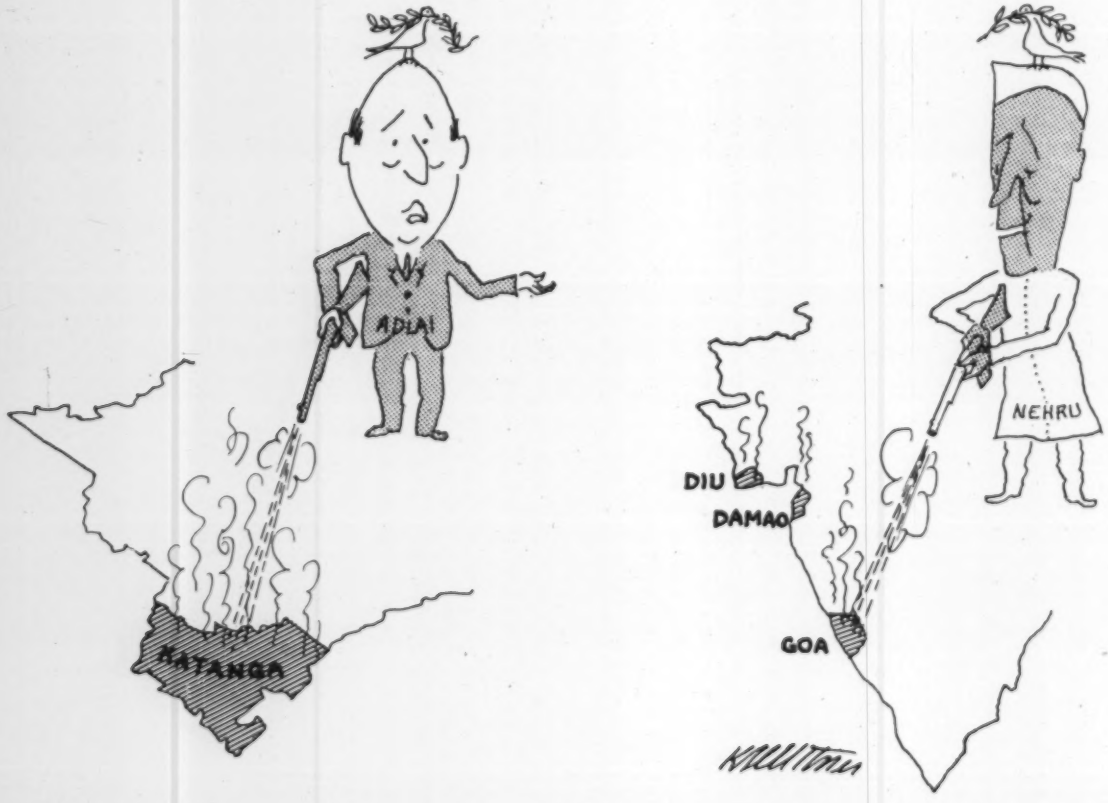
3. Goa confirms that the reigning American theory that we promote fruitful relations with the neutralists by projecting a peace-loving, turn-the-other-cheek "image" is ridiculous. Like all nations throughout history, the language the neutralists understand is the language of power.

4. Goa confirms that the UN—in large part by American sins of both commission and omission—has become a political instrument of a Communist-Afro-Asian united front. Under present conditions, in instance after instance the UN works to the grave injury of Western interests. In instance after instance the UN serves the interests of the most demagogic, ruthless and anti-Western of the neutralist leaders; and, through them, of the Communists. (See, *passim*, this issue of *NR*.)

5. Goa confirms that many of the neutralist nations, like all the Communist nations, are becoming contemptuous of the United States and of the West. Nehru could easily have taken over Goa by negotiation and political pressure. He *chose*, deliberately, to seize it by arms: to add to the public proof furnished by Cuba, Laos and the Berlin Wall that the West has become a paper tiger.

Their Sweaty Nightcaps . . .

As Americans we should and do rejoice that our President and his lady met in Caracas and Bogotá, not the stones and curses and spittle that we recall with shame from an earlier visit of another of our magistrates, but the cheers of gay and waving throngs. As citizens we had to share in Mr. Nixon's bravely encountered but nonetheless shocking humiliation, and in the no less humiliating necessity that forced President Eisenhower to cancel his visit to Japan. As citizens we are therefore entitled to be comforted a little by the warmth of the Kennedys' reception.



"Isn't that outrageous! It almost makes you lose faith in Foreign Aid and the Sunday Magazine Section of the* New York Times*!"

But a little only, and with a sufficient reserve. We will be wise to ask ourselves, Why? Just why were there curses in 1958, smiles in 1961? No doubt it is part of the answer, that President Kennedy is young and personable, symbolizing for the moment the possibility of something new and magical; and his wife, a young, beautiful, captivating woman. But Mr. Nixon was not such an ancient, and his wife, too, if not so exotically entrancing as Jacqueline Kennedy, is a good-looking, friendly human being.

Curious, that there were *no* disorders, in either city, along the line of march. Of course Presidents Rómulo Betancourt and Alberto Lleras Camargo had taken extraordinary security precautions. But why were these less extraordinary in 1958? And no matter how massive the precautions, what about the Communists who have ample local cadres? The Communists, too, were orderly, were apparently among those who cheerily hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps. The police and militia of a South American nation are not enough to keep trained Communist cadres wholly quiet, if the cadres have been ordered to make trouble. Communists are not afraid to be clubbed, or to die.

But surely there was good reason, right now, for Señores Betancourt and Camargo to give their guest that smiling welcome. He came like a Santa Claus in season, pockets bulging with grants and loans that he passed around like sugar plums. Though he spoke at length, and often eloquently, he uttered no word to embarrass, compromise, or cross his hosts. Mr. Kennedy suggested that, like them, he disapproved of Castro, but would do nothing rough to disturb the Castro regime. He would have no truck with the Trujillos and their ilk, but would cast a benevolent eye on experiments to the Left. Nothing, of course, in dispraise of expropriation, or of penalties on U.S. businessmen interested in Latin America. To get the promised $20 billion of the Alliance for Progress, no condition was laid down except routine repetition of the familiar rhetoric of Reform and Democracy. No demand to cease economic, cultural, or political flirtation with the Soviet bloc. Nothing about the new Communist regime in Guiana. In short, the President was telling his hosts—and Governor Luis Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico, whom he saw in transit—that he (and our pocketbooks and resources) are at their disposal.

And surely Nikita Khrushchev had no reason to order his activists to upset Mr. Kennedy last week. Was not the President dancing exactly to the tune that Khrushchev had pounded out with his shoe a year earlier: or have we forgotten that the shoe was waved to accent his screams at Hammarskjold to hurry up with the liquidation of the Katanga regime of Moise Tshombe? Nor could Khrushchev have seen any part of the world where the President's current conduct was causing him undue inconvenience.

What will the crowds be like if Mr. Kennedy decides, finally, to halt this country's course toward suicide, and to act boldly, once more, without by-your-leave from demagogues, Marxists, fanatics, or puppets, in defense of our own and the West's survival? We propose for his meditation, as he rocks in his chair some evening soon, a text from Plutarch's life of Agis:

Men, steered by popular applause, though they bear the name of governors, are in reality the mere underlings of the multitude. The man who is completely wise and virtuous has no need at all of glory, except so far as it disposes and eases his way of action by the greater trust that it procures him.

East by Day

No doubt about it, that old sailor President Kennedy has a sensitive finger in the wind, and he'll run up a sail to take advantage of the slightest zephyr even if he has to call the khamsin a nor'easter or rewrite the compass card to do it.

He has, for example, discerned that the economic and political product of the European Common Market may have some consumer appeal over here, just as it has demonstrated its value to Britain, Sweden, Switzerland, Austria, who have lately applied for membership. And so he has identified his Administration with the rhetoric of the Common Market idea in calling for tariff cuts, closer economic cooperation, and so on—while making specific proposals that tend, on net, in the opposite direction. The Kennedy medicine, in so far as it carries the Common Market label, could never get by the Pure Food and Drug Administration.

Item. Offered a deal by the Common Market for virtually across-the-board reciprocal tariff cuts of 20 per cent, the Administration said No.

Item. Discussing the political coalition of the industrialized Western nations against the Communist bloc under the aegis of the Common Market, the Administration spoke of economic cooperation but specifically rejected the idea of actual membership in or partnership with the Common Market.

Item. President Kennedy will ask Congress for the authority to jigger tariff rates around at his own personal pleasure, in effect setting aside the constitutional requirement for Senate ratification; and the structure of Common Market trade rests not on tariffs that shift with the winds but on fixed, predictable rates, which are lowered by an agreed schedule.

Item. While talking Common Market and Western

solidarity with one side of his tongue, the President—in the UN, Africa, Asia—joins the neutralists and Communists in actions that harm our Western allies everywhere in the world.

You can't have your Europe and eat it too.

UN Goes for Broke

The Budgetary Committee of the UN has approved a $200 million bond issue by the UN (48 nations not voting, 45 for, the 10 Communist-bloc nations and France against). The bonds would run for 25 years, carry a two per cent coupon, and be issued to governments, trusts, and foundations. The U.S. will probably buy $100 million worth. Proceeds of the issue will just cover the UN's operating expenses through mid-1962, with enough left over to pay the UN mercenaries in Gaza and Katanga through next September. Payment of principal and interest will be made part of the UN's operating budget, so that those nations that refuse to pay their assessments may face the loss of their voting rights.

Epitomized by this bond issue, the UN's bankruptcy (politically and economically) brings into sharp focus the question of its survival, for each member nation may now measure the value of its voting rights against the cost of supporting the UN's wayward military ventures. France and the Communist bloc refuse to pay. West Germany and Switzerland are not members. Britain, probably to gain face in its bid to join the Common Market, takes an increasingly skeptical view of the UN. The Afro-Asian majority is broke and can't pay. Belgium, South Africa, Portugal, Nationalist China, Spain, Scandinavia, Latin America, the Communist bloc—they can all get along without the UN. As a matter of fact, we all can get along without its parliamentary chambers, and the question now before the UN puts the choice in the bluntest and therefore the truest terms.

Either there will be the UN as we now know it, supported almost wholly by the United States to its own disadvantage and shame, or there will be a stripped-down debating club and statistical office, living on the proceeds of non-religious Christmas cards and Hallowe'en panhandling. A year or two should tell the story.

John O'Donnell, RIP

John O'Donnell was a tough journalist of the old school, whose mind was working constantly, seeking to penetrate political enigmas, and whose personal intellectual life was singularly energetic, making him among the best-informed columnists in the country. He rather enjoyed a tough fight, and on one occasion during the Second World War, so angered Franklin Delano Roosevelt as to cause him to commit one of the most unwarranted acts of personal contumely in Presidential history (he gave another journalist the Iron Cross and asked him publicly to pin it on O'Donnell). Last week O'Donnell died, having several years ago, bending to sickness, relinquished his influential column in the *New York Daily News*. But he established a pattern of hard and relentless political reporting which is a part of the patrimony of that lively journal.

Notes and Asides

Several weeks ago, NATIONAL REVIEW published an article by Mr. Brent Bozell inquiring whether Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the United States, has done anything to warrant impeachment. Mr. Bozell concluded: No, there are no grounds on which to impeach Mr. Warren if we are to observe the traditional arrangements surrounding the impeachment institution. Let me not be misunderstood, said Bozell, who is himself a lawyer, and is writing a book on the Warren Court: Warren is undoubtedly the worst Chief Justice in the history of the Supreme Court. "Another way of putting all of this," he concluded, "is that Earl Warren has sinned too grandly for impeachment. He has defiled our jurisprudence and made war against the public order. He has not stolen chickens."

In introducing Mr. Bozell's piece in the column, "In This Issue," we wrote: "Roughly speaking, Mr. Bozell's views are that the Chief Justice should *not* be impeached, though maybe he should be hanged." We remember at the time somebody in the shop remarking on the dangers of the use of irony in our day. Heaven knows we should have learned our lesson when the editors of *America* magazine solemnly greeted the crack *Mater si, magistra no*, as a call for a Constitutional Amendment to repeal the papacy. But no, we thought, no—*no* one will prove so opaque as to believe that NATIONAL REVIEW wants to take Earl Warren out of the Supreme Court, put a halter around his neck, and hoist away. . . .

But the answer is: some people *are* that opaque; or something. A week or two later, the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW was debating Norman Thomas in Chicago, and Mr. Thomas informed the audience that NATIONAL REVIEW was in favor of hanging Earl Warren. Editor of said magazine collapsed in hilarity, as did the audience, at Mr. Thomas' gruesome literalness. Then a few weeks later *Time* magazine reported in its PEOPLE section that Fulton Lewis Jr. had come out for hanging Earl Warren! And mind you, reported this without a trace of a smile. Well, we knew as between the alternatives a) that *Time* had misre-

ported, or b) that Fulton Lewis had lost his mind, which was the likelier; but for the fun of it, we called him up on the te ephone: he too thought it was a laugh that *Time* had so reported his remarks—which were made in exactly the same sense in which our own had been, and were received by the mature audience with amusement. Mr. Lewis took the trouble to inform his listeners that *Time's* report was preposterous, but did not trouble to write a letter to the magazine, on the grc unds that to do so would be self-debasing: one does not trouble with people who don't understand a humorous reference put forward with the desire to make, suggestively, a serious point.

Meanwhile, *Newsweek* magazine reported that Mr. Everetts Haley, a prominent anti-Communist in Texas, had made exactly the same reference about hanging Earl Warren. We suggested to Mr. Lewis the third possibility, namely, that here and there an editor who knows quite well that the proposition that Earl Warren be lynched has not become an article on the American conservative agenda, nevertheless writes as though the execution were seriously being entertained—in order to discredit the American Right.

As firm believers in the conspiracy view of history (joke), we have seriously entertained the suspicion; because after all, say what you will about *Time*, it's a pretty cosmopolitan crew over there, and there isn't a *Timesman* in New York so cloddish as to seriously believe that Fulton Lewis is trying to hang ole Earl.

But then—at least, so it says in the *New York Times*—along comes an anti-Communist retired Marine Corps colonel, one Mitchell Paige, who, it is reported, while speaking at a Project Alert meeting in California, came out and said Warren "should be hanged, not impeached." The story continues: "Mr. Paige retracted the statement after officials of Project Alert had censured him. He was the most vehement of several outspoken conservative speakers during the five-day program. [Thank heavens for that!]"

We don't know Mr. Paige, and from the looks of things, don't want to get too close to him, especially if he comes towards us swinging a rope. But if his reference to Warren was made jocularly, he should never, never, ever, have apologized for making it: because by so doing, he has indicated that he was trafficking not with jest, however macabre, but with National Purpose. So if he did indeed mean it seriously, we'll go along with the general hysteria of the left wing. What *has* happened to the American sense of balance? The next thing you know, someone will actually go out and *hang* Warren! Wouldn't that be *terrible!*

A Tribute to Styles Bridges

FORREST DAVIS and ALEX HILLMAN

When Styles Bridges died in November of 1961 he had been almost to a day a United States Senator for 25 years; a quarter century during which the Republic underwent what history may well record as its severest trials. In later years he had been the Republican doyen of the Senate. He had been president pro tempore, majority and minority leader. To Washington he was "a senator's senator." To his party he was a wise, resourceful leader. Yet to the country, Senator Bridges' skill at the parliamentary art, his mastery of the creaking machinery through which the Congress appropriates the huge federal budgets, his intimate knowledge of our involved military affairs were only apprehended and not wholly appreciated. Nor did the published obituaries disclose his true essence or his worth to the cause of orderly, rational government and the survival of the American society and the West.

The reason is not obscure. He was a quiet man, unmoved by personal passion or rancor, in a time when public affairs increasingly are conducted at a shrill pitch. He had the sober sanity of the State of Maine farm folk from whom he sprang and the New Hampshiremen among whom he rose in public life from county agent to governor and then to the Senate. His speech retained the crisp angularity of the New England rural dweller. The humor which moved him to mirth was country humor. The frugality, the neighborliness, the sense of bound and mete, of what is becoming to a man characteristic of New England, remained with him in the cosmopolitan world of the capital.

Bridges never shrank from unpopularity. The lines of that other New Hampshireman, Robert Frost, applied to him when the poet wrote:

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence;
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Concerning totalitarianism, Styles was forever consistent in his alarm and repugnance. As early as 1934 when serving as governor of New Hampshire (the youngest governor of his time), he deplored Roosevelt's recognition of Stalin's Russia. As early as 1943, Bridges noted and spoke about the fact that Stalin was waging two, if not three, wars. He was defending Russia against the Nazi invader militarily, but he was conducting a diplomatic offensive against his Western allies in obedi-

ence to his imperialistic ambitions and, of course, engaged also in his repressive war on his subjected people.

To few men in public life, certainly not to President Roosevelt, was it given to see that Stalin was using the assistance supplied him unstintedly by the Anglo-Saxon powers with a view to the enslavement of what Churchill termed "the old and famous peoples of Eastern Europe." Bridges correctly assessed the harm

Senator Styles Bridges

done to the cause of the West by the Rooseveltian concessions in the wartime summit conferences.

Opposing the sustained expansion of Soviet Russia's power, witnessing the decline of America's world prestige and influence from the heights commanded by our military and industrial power at the end of World War II, Bridges accurately estimated the inroads being made on our morale by Communist subversion and agitation.

As with the expansion of Stalin's empire, so it was with the series of American blunders, or worse, which helped deliver mainland China to the Yenan Communists. Bridges, who often retired to the simplicities of Concord and his summer place, was never taken in by sophistries. He knew, what was but the truth, that United States policy toward our loyal ally, the Republic of China, contributed in major part to the Communist conquest of China. In his speeches, in private conversation he steadily manifested a clear understanding of the fateful drift of the United States away from self-assurance, sensible understanding and resolve in the face of the enemy.

As a conservative, Bridges seldom roiled the Liberal Establishment. His good-humored sanity was hard to fault. It would not be plausible to categorize him as a representative of the "radical right." His respect for the organic values of the West and for the skeptical humanitarianism of the Founders, nourished in the New England countryside, was instinctive but informed by study. Perhaps the best expression of his conservatism came in a thoughtful speech delivered at Dartmouth college in 1955, where he said:

> The Conservative knows that man is a bundle of paradoxes—the brave and the cowardly; the kind and the cruel; the generous and mean; the noble and ignoble—all wrapped into one. The best and ultimate purposes of society are to make possible the emergence and triumph of the noble and the final defeat of the ignoble. This is the humanist approach. It is likewise the realistic approach, founded on a belief that men are not the creatures of a blueprint made by visionary Liberals insisting that he conform to some a priori concept but takes man for what he is, conditioned by the knowledge that because man is God's creature, he is capable of responding to the divine spark.

Bridges knew with Burke that human societies cannot be arbitrarily charted by parties or committees but that instead they evolve from experience, from precedent, from living with, and that when ideologues seek to map the perfect society they leave man out of the calculations.

Sometimes Not Neutral

Bridges frequently compromised in matters of practical procedure. He will be missed on both sides of the Senate aisle for his mollifying voice in rash conflicts of faction or party. In internal party affairs circumstances sometimes required him to be neutral. In issues bearing on his views as to the country's welfare, he could not be neutral. Nor did he hesitate to break with a chief executive of his own party as when, in 1953, he was one of only six senators to vote against confirmation of Charles E. (Chip) Bohlen as ambassador to Moscow. He had what to him were good and sufficient reasons for believing that Mr. Bohlen lacked depth perspective on the overwhelming menace of world Communism. For somewhat similar reasons, he voted in the early days of the Kennedy Administration against confirmation of Chester A. Bowles as Under Secretary of State.

As chairman of the powerful Appropriations Committee when his party was in power and ranking minority member otherwise, his Yankee prudence rebelled against the welfare statists' wholesale levies on the federal treasury. Yet, given the decline of the congressional prerogative witnessed by him in his long tenure, and the growing desire of politicians to purchase votes with public funds, he could do little to stay the extravagance of budgets that far outmatched the national growth and capacity. By nature, he opposed Big Government, resenting the remorseless spread of the federal bureaucracy into the day-to-day concerns of the people.

The local and state governments are close to the people in New Hampshire. The legislature, with something more than 450 members, is something of a glorified town meeting. Few New Hampshiremen are unacquainted with their legislators or lacking in plain statement of their wishes and apprehensions. It was from this angle of vision that Bridges reprehended the estrangement of the citizen from a federal government grown too vast for his comprehension and unresponsive to his desires unless expressed by an organized bloc.

Bridges knew as a sensible man that there could be no reversion to times when, as Grover Cleveland had it, "the people supported their government, not the government the people," nor was he unsympathetic with the plight of citizens left behind in the rush of an ever more complex industrial society. New Hampshire, under Bridges and other earlier governors, had adopted many measures for the relief of the indigent unfortunate and the redressing of social wrongs well before the New Deal.

Bridges as a proper and principled conservative believed in an open society, open to talent and industry, but a society restrained by the wisdom of the past, by a certain enlightened pessimism as to man's nature and the precepts of natural law. He is an exemplar of what is worthy in the Conservative tradition.

Letter from Formosa

We Shall Return . . .

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Everywhere I went in Formosa I asked the same question. I was searching for an accent of self-delusion or, even, of hypocrisy. I never found it among any of the Chinese with whom I spoke, though granted they were, almost all, members of the official family who, presumably, harbor official thoughts. But I questioned, also, professional soldiers, who would not easily be hypnotized by a septuagenarian's dreamy irredentism. Their answer was: it can be done, and we will do it. And then I put the question as pointedly as I could directly to Chiang Kai-shek: "In America," I said, "practically no one believes that you subjectively intend to re-enter the Mainland. What evidence is there of an objective kind that in fact your government proposes to do just that, and that it can be done?"

He smiled. (He always smiles—at least at visitors, I gather. He smiled also at a British bloke seated next to me, who asked the most asinine questions. I recalled sympathetically the Duke's complaint in Browning's "My Last Duchess." . . .) He smiled, and said a word or two to the interpreter, who turned to me, "The President wonders where you are going after you leave Taipei?" That, I smarted, is a royal rebuff if ever there was one.

I answered the routine question about my itinerary, rather coolly. Chiang spoke again, this time at greater length. "The President says," the translator came in, "that the reason he asked you where you were going is because he hoped you would be visiting other areas in Southeast Asia, and that everywhere you went, you would seek the answer to your question. He says that if he were to express to you, once again, his own profound determination to go to the Mainland, and his faith that that return is feasible, he would merely sound redundant. So you yourself must seek these objective data, and come to your own conclusions. Any information we have here in Taiwan is at your disposal."

Fair enough. What are the relevant data? For every person on Taiwan, there are sixty in Mainland China. If the raw population figures are crucially relevant, then it is idle to think of liberation, as idle as to suppose that Poland might liberate Russia. Relative military manpower? Less than 60-1, but at least 6-1. The estimates vary widely on the strength of the Chinese army. Say four million. The armed forces of Taiwan are at a working strength of about 450,000, though a reserve potential twice that high is contemplated. Skill? Training? Morale? It is generally conceded that the Formosan air force is the best by far in Asia, and the army the best trained. The morale is very high.

Even so, it adds up to impossible odds, except that the question arises, On whose side would the Mainland Chinese army fight?

The miserable people of China, the largest cast ever conscripted to enact an ideological passion play, cannot themselves resist overtly. They think, perforce, of physical survival: everything else is secondary. But the army which Mao continues to feed well, where are its sympathies? The psychological strategists in Taiwan stress the great sense of family, cultivated in China over thousands of years. It has not been extirpated by ten years of Communist depersonalization. Every soldier in the army has, somewhere, relatives who are close to starvation. The soldiers themselves cannot stage a successful rebellion, it is assumed: but will their discontent spread to the officer class? The immediate families of the generals and the admirals are well fed: a despot does not economize on his generals. But there are the cousins and aunts and nephews. Their privations are almost beyond endurance. In behalf of what? Leninism-Marxism, as understood by Exegete Mao. To whom will the generals stay loyal? There is little doubt if they had a secret ballot, they would vote for food for their family, in place of ideological purity out on the farm. It is another question whether "they"—or a single general, off in a corner of China, secure for a few (galvanizing?) days at least from instant retaliation—will defy the Party. But the disposition to rebel is most definitely there.

But there must be a catalytic pressure. The military in Taiwan believe that the Communists have made two mistakes, which, together, may prove fatal. The first was the commune program, which will ensure agricultural poverty for years. The family is largely broken up; and where it is not, it is left with no residue, and the social meaning of this is enormous. For it is the family that, in China, has always provided social security for the indigent, the sick, the down-and-out members of the clan. Now the government must do that; but the government is left with no reserve granary, under the agricultural system it has ordained. Thus the government simultaneously undertook the vast burden of social security which had traditionally been privately discharged, and created a national scarcity which has engendered calamitous problems of social security.

The second mistake is Tibet. Tibet has historically served China as a buffer state. A friendly state, sometimes only semi-independent, but never hostile. China never tried to integrate Tibet by extirpating the people's religion and institutions. Red China is trying to do this, and she is not likely ever to succeed. Tibet is too vast, the terrain is too difficult. Tibet

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The Third World War

Tangle in Katanga

JAMES BURNHAM

The moment of truth is the moment of crisis. During the slow buildup, the essence of a policy or a man is concealed under embroidered details, fine words, strutting gestures. The crisis burns these suddenly away. There the truth is, open to eyes that are willing to look. The moment passes. New self-deceiving rags are hurriedly tossed on the too-naked bones.

A truth-revealing crisis erupted in Katanga for a couple of days this month, to be quickly smothered by the high pressure verbal fog that is kept on tap for such emergencies. Before memory, too, clouds over, let us make a note or two of what could be seen.

The measure was instantly taken, as always in such cases, of public men at many levels. One knows better, now, who has bone and who has jelly in his spine. But I am here concerned more with policy than with men. Public men come and go but great issues of policy remain.

Now, everyone knows—or knew in the week of December 10—that something had gone shockingly wrong with American foreign policy. The United States was engaged in a military attack on a peaceful, orderly people governed by a regime that had proved itself the most pro-Western and anti-Communist within any of the new nations—the only place in Africa, moreover, where a productive relationship between whites and blacks had apparently been achieved. Of course the fighting was officially under the auspices of the United Nations. But in the moment of truth everyone could see that the U.S. was in reality the principal.

The moment simultaneously revealed that in the crisis our policy ran counter to that of all our NATO allies, to the entire Western community. By our policy the West was —is—split.

But the key revelation is not new. The controlling pattern was first displayed in the Hungary-Suez crisis of November 1956. It reappears, in whole or part, whenever a new crisis exposes the reality: in Cuba last spring (with which the Dominican events of last month should be paired); at the peaks of the nuclear test and the Berlin cycles; in relation to Laos, Algeria, South Africa; right now, with almost cartoon emphasis, in the temporally linked complex of Tshombe-Gizenga-Goa-Ghana.

What the Moments Reveal

This prime element of the truth may be stated as follows: *Under prevailing policy, the U. S. can take the initiative against the Right, but cannot take the initiative against the Left.* It makes no difference what part of the world is involved, what form of regime, what particular issue. *The U. S. cannot take the initiative against the Left.* There is even some question whether the U. S. can any longer *defend* itself against an initiative by the Left.

We can attack Tshombe, but not Gigenza. No matter that Gizenga is Moscow's man in the Congo. No matter that it is his troops who rape Western women and eat Western men. No matter that the Katanga operation is strategically insane in terms of Western interests in Africa. (Even granted that the Congo should be unified, you don't protect Western security by *first* removing the pro-Western weight from the power equilibrium.)

We can force Britain and France out of the Suez, but we cannot so much as *try* to force the Russian tanks back from Budapest. We can mass our fleet against the Trujillos, but not against the Castros. We can vote in the UN against South African apartheid or Portuguese rule in Angola, but we cannot even introduce a motion on the Berlin Wall—much less, give the simple order to push the Wall down. We officially receive the anti-French, Moscow-allied Algerian FLN, but we denounce the pro-Europe, anti-Communist OAS as criminal.

In the very week of our war against Katanga, we make a $133 million grant to Kwame Nkrumah, who has just declared his solidarity with the Communist bloc, and is busily turning his own country into a totalitarian dictatorship. As our planes land the war matériel that kills pro-Western Katangans, we stand supinely bleating while Nehru's troops smash into a five-hundred-year-old district of our NATO ally, Portugal.

What explains this uni-directional paralysis? It is the consequence of the system of ideas that constitutes the frame of our international—and in some degree our domestic—policy. The Suez-Hungary crisis proves that this system was not invented by the new Administration, but only made more consistent and more active.

Key to the Puzzles

Most immediately relevant to these episodes in Goa, Katanga and Ghana, as to the Suez-Hungary crisis before them, is the belief that the main theater of the world drama is the underdeveloped region of Asia, Africa and Latin America. From this belief is derived the practical orientation of our policy on the "uncommitted" ("neutralist," "contested") nations, especially on those whose leaders make the most noise—Nehru, Tito, Nkrumah, Sukarno, Betancourt, etc. Our chief aim becomes that of finding favor in neutralist eyes.

If we grasp this orientation as a key, our national conduct in all of the events here mentioned becomes intelligible. And it becomes clear why in general we cannot take the initiative against the Left. We cannot, because the neutralists cannot—and would not, if they could, because it is precisely the counterbalancing of American and Soviet power that permits them the luxury of neutralism. We have granted the neutralist leaders a veto.

Our policy sacrifices Western interests to supposed neutralist interests—in reality, to the *opinions* of certain neutralist leaders. But through infiltration, pressures and blackmail Moscow, in turn, holds a veto over the neutralists. Our policy, by its own inner logic, is thus subject to the veto of our enemy.

It Says Here...

. . . that any eight-year-old can assemble it. Ha! says Mrs. Heath, in fact, HA! as she spends yet another Christmas Eve on the furnace room floor

ALOISE B. HEATH

You know that house where, the night before Christmas, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse? Well, that wasn't our house. That was a house where St. Nicholas came down the chimney with a bound and did absolutely everything. It may come as a surprise to many people, but the fact is, St. Nicholas doesn't do one blessed *thing* for the Heath family.

You know the family that gathers 'round the hearth on Christmas Eve while Father re-reads the beloved *Christmas Carol*? Firelight flickering on absorbed little faces? Well, that's not our family, and I bet you guessed.

I hope I'm not giving anyone the impression that Ben and I are not respecters of tradition, because the fact is that we're simply aslosh with traditions. But we have a substitute tradition. We give Janet and Timothy a half teaspoon of liquid phenobarbital, Jennifer, Betsey and Alison a teaspoon, and Buckley, Priscilla and John two teaspoons each. (We've had to keep the two eldest off the stuff these past few years; they have to stay alert.)

Then we send sixteen-year-old Jim, who has a voice like a bull calf, into the living-room with the big children and make *him* read Dickens' beloved *Christmas Carol;* and fourteen-year-old Pam, who has such a sharp eye and a quick hand that she can whack a small bottom while its owner is still wondering which trespass to commit, takes the peewees into the nursery to hear Clement C. Moore's beloved "A Visit from St. Nicholas."

Ben and I refill the coffee pot and proceed forthwith to the furnace room, which is where *we* spend Christmas Eve. Not by choice, you understand but because the furnace room is the only one in our house in which you can a) store 167 different items, ranging from aeroplane: gasoline-powered to Zig-Zaw Puzzle Map; and also b) lock.

Nine out of ten of these items, as parents know, have to be organized or set up or assembled, and a good many of them have to be redesigned from scratch. All of them must be fully understood if Christmas morning is not to shrill with the sad cry of: "It's just a bunch of iron sticks!" or "I'll never be able to play that. The grections have too long words." All of which leaves Ben and me with the choice of working in the living-room after the last child is asleep—and when you have ten children that means never—or spending Christmas Eve in the furnace room.

The furnace room is rather peaceful, actually. By the time we've opened the boxes and laid out the hammer, saw, screwdrivers, wrenches, pliers, files, glue, rubber cement, safety pins, needles and thread, toothpicks for stiffening tabs that won't go into slots, crochet hooks and rubber bands for putting dolls' arms back on, mercurochrome, Band-Aids, tranquilizers, benzedrine, phenobarbital, aspirin and a dictionary, we hardly even notice the furnace, which has a way of breathing like a dinosaur with croup. Jim's voice, bellowing "Sit DOWN, Buckley," filters down to us in a soft murmur; and since the nursery is on the third floor and Pam's energy is limited, she only clatters down every now and then to tell us that Alison keeps sticking her feet under Timothy and pinching him with her toes, or that Alison keeps muttering "moon on the *breast* of new-fallen snow . . ." and making all the others laugh and act silly . . . "Well, she *thinks* it's a bad word, Mother, or she wouldn't bother to say it. You know how absolutely vulgar Alison is."

"Send her down to Jim's group," I roar through the screws in my mouth which isn't much help—or much help to Jim, anyway—but my maternal instinct always seems to wane as my mechanical instinct waxes. Well, I call it mechanical.

I do know some of my limitations, though, so I always start with a simple thing, like "ROLLING TENNIS: A new game for home fun," for instance. ROLLING TENNIS only has about six pieces, which is practically boring to a woman who was on Dean's List the entire first semester of her sophomore year at college. The instructions are nice and short, too. *The elastic steel needle,* they begin . . . (There's no elastic steel needle in the box, but the nearest thing to it is a kind of

hard, spiky thing that bends, so that must be what) *must be kept in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table.* The trouble is, it won't stay in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table unless I hold it there, and surely the ROLLING TENNIS people couldn't mean that, could they? They don't really mean for me to spend the declining years of my life holding up that spiky thing! Well, of course not. There's a perfectly simple solution.

"Ben, it says here. . ." I begin.

"First things first," mumbles Ben, who is engaged in his annual re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the electric train, which he always can't understand something in the transformer of. I don't tell him that if he'd leave the train *up* all year round he and the transformer wouldn't have to go through this every Christmas Eve. I don't tell him because it's too early. This is what I tell him around 2:00 a.m., and I'm a stickler for tradition.

Anyway, it's time to check everybody's teeth (and to tell Alison for the last time that sticking her toothbrush under the faucet doesn't fool *me* for one minute) and to hear everybody's prayers (and to tell Alison for the last time that beating everyone else to the "Amen" is *not* praying) and to kiss everybody goodnight (and to kiss Alison twice and tell her I love her anyway, which is the simple truth). By the time I get back to the furnace room Ben has had time to accomplish a great deal, and I feel much better about everything, even ROLLING TENNIS.

So, all right, I *will* hold the spiky thing in a way that it sits up on the edge of the table. It's not as if the children were going to play rolling tennis eight hours a day! Now: *By a slight pressure of this needle upon the axis of the runner fitted with a rubber tire the latter one begins to move, the other player swiftly catches, stops it to run and jerks back with the same movement.*

Only there's no runner. There is a rod with a little rubber tire at each end, but if that's the runner, how would I press its axis? Anyhow, an axis is what things *turn* on, isn't it? I know it is; I won't even look it up; and it's nine o'clock and Ben has started to fiddle with that idiotic transformer again.

I pull out Your Friendly Corner Store. This is more my type, and besides it has a diagram which not only illustrates and labels Parts A to X of the Corner Store, but also its accessories. "Telephone," it tells you, under a picture of a telephone. "Cord." "Cash Register." "Your Friendly Corner Store sign."

"Check off each step as you complete it," they warn you (and show you how—like this [x]) and "Follow all directions step by step." I never was a leader, anyhow, so I start right in. *Step 1* [ ] *From the white side of the board press out all excess fiberboard from all slots, notches and edges so that all the parts look like those in the kit drawings.* [ ]*Punch out holes for screws with a sharp pencil point.* [ ] *Place parts in alphabetical order.* My Friendly Corner Store and I are not so friendly as we used to be, by the time I finish Step 1. I feel they have been not quite straight with me. They clearly implied that there was only one [ ] to a step, but, I now note, there are seven [ ]s. in Step 10, alone.

"Ben, look at this. It says here . . ."

"There's no point in getting mad about it," says Ben, who has made up with the transformer, solved ROLLING TENNIS (they meant "axle, not axis," if that means anything to you) and is happily assembling some Thermo-Turbo thing without so much as a glance at the directions.

"Who's mad?" I snarl. I grit my teeth and plod on. By the time I finish Step 12 (49 [ ]s later) Ben has put together the bicycle, the tricycle, the tractor and the Walker Wagon. Ben is about to begin the electric hockey game when he discovers the instructions are in French.

I can read French all right, but who knows what a *filet des buts* is, for heaven's sake, or a *casier pour pile sèche,* or a *vis à métal,* except maybe a French electrician? I go upstairs and sullenly search for the Larousse. When I let myself back into the furnace room Ben looks at me for the first time this evening and blanches.

"Are you going to church like that?"

"Like what?" I answer huffily. And rhetorically.

Ben holds the Dreamy Dressing Table mirror up to my face. "It's 11:30," he says, and I tear up the stairs again.

Midnight Mass clears the crossness out of me. Priscilla goes with us this year, along with John and Pam and Jim; and as I watch them come back from Communion they look so solemn and young and tired and beautiful that my heart almost bursts. My heart almost bursts until I kiss them "Merry Christmas" in the cold starlight outside the church, and they refuse, with cries of revulsion, to kiss each other. Then my heart shrivels right back to normal.

Still, the furnace room *is* an anticlimax. By 1:30, Ben and I get ruthless: When we find that the assembly instructions for John's cuckoo clock take up a 16-page booklet and begin: "Look what we have here!! What fun!! It's all the parts that go to make a real-as-life BLACK FOREST CUCKOO CLOCK!!" we clap the cover right back on the box and agree to pretend we thought he wanted a do-it-yourself cuckoo clock.

By 2:15 the B-52 Turret Gun, the Helicopter-Bomber, the Kookie Kitchen, the weight-lifting set and the puppet theatre are assembled and upstairs; by 3:00 we've finished the musical rocking chair, the robot lady, the Sonar set, the fire engine, the weather station, the Yakkity-Yob, and we've even found out how to make the Kissy dolls kiss. By 3:45 every last item is complete and in the living-room; the Christmas list has been recovered from the rubble on the furnace room floor. And finally we're through. We thumbtack a sheet across the entrance to the living-room and tiptoe upstairs to hang stockings on children's bedposts. Ben takes those for the children who don't believe in Santa Claus, because if they wake up they'll know it's only Daddy; and I take those for the children who do, because if they wake up, they'll know it's only Mother.

At 4:10, in the black dark of the upstairs hall, I tiptoe round a corner into Ben, tiptoeing from the opposite direction. I gasp and clutch him.

"It's only Santa Claus."

"Oh Ben," I sigh, too tired even to move away from his cheek, which feels like a cactus patch. "What will we ever do when the children are grown up?"

"You're not expecting grandchildren? With that crew? What do you think you are—lucky?" says my sentimental Ben.

Berlin Helps the Dollar

A prominent economist makes dour predictions about the effect on American gold reserves of a stabilizing political situation in Berlin

HANS F. SENNHOLZ

At its recent meeting in Vienna the world's biggest money pool, the International Monetary Fund, sought to expand its lending powers. The Fund's 73-nation board of governors aimed to bolster its $15 billion resources by standby credit arrangements for another $5 billion to $6 billion. About half of this amount was sought from the Common Market countries, especially West Germany, France and Italy; the rest was promised by the United States, Great Britain, and a few others. While the most interesting debates and discussions mainly dealt with the questions of payment, ability and financial responsibility toward each other, very little unfortunately was said about the international setting that not only affects but even determines the world monetary situation.

The international movement of gold is explained by the Quantity Theory and Gresham's Law. According to this Law, gold leaves countries that practice policies of deficit financing and credit expansion and goes to countries that maintain sounder currencies. But during periods of grave international tensions and dangers of armed conflict the mere anticipation or fear of disastrous political and monetary developments may decisively affect the flow of gold and reserves. It may either intensify the existing movement as it did in the years preceding World War II, or run counter to it as today.

From January 1934 to October 1941, the gold stock of the United States rose from nearly $7 billion to the astounding figure of $22.8 billion. Two complementary forces brought this gold to the United States. After the *de facto* stabilization of the dollar at 59.06 par of the old gold par and the return of confidence of the American people in the future stability of their currency, Gresham's Law caused some gold to flow to the United States. The second great factor causing gold to seek refuge in the United States was the growing fear of Hitler. The Jewish population of virtually all European countries endeavored to shift its liquid funds to safer places in America. The flight of gold became very acute after Munich when the

strength of the Axis and the weakness of England and France were so dramatically revealed. At the end of August 1938 the U. S. gold stock stood at $13.1 billion. Between Munich and October 1941 nearly $10 billion moved to the United States. In a single month during the German invasion of the Netherlands, Belgium and France more than $1.1 billion of gold sought refuge in the United States.[1]

The Berlin crisis, with its aggravation of international relations, seems to exert a similar influence on the international monetary situation. But while Munich merely tended to strengthen the existing economic forces and accelerate the flow of gold, the Berlin crisis immediately halted or even reversed the current gold movement. Before the Berlin crisis, the dollar was in a most precarious situation. From 1949 on, the international payments of the United States exceeded receipts almost continuously. In the period of 1950–1956 the average annual loss of gold and dollars amounted to $1.5 billion. Since 1958 it has remained around $3.5 billion a year. The American gold stock declined from over $24 billion at the end of 1949 to approximately $17.5 at the present. However, the rise of foreign short-term liabilities was even more ominous. They soared from about $7.5 billion to over $22 billion at the present. Almost $9 billion of this increase took the form of commercial and central bank investments in U. S. Treasury bills and certificates.[2]

The Dollar Deteriorates

The reason for this precarious weakness of the dollar is found in the monetary and economic policies of the U. S. Government. While the European countries had endeavored to put their monetary houses in order, *i.e.*, refrained from further deficit financing and excessive credit expansion, the United States Government continued its policies of deficit financing and contra-cyclical credit expansion. While the European governments tended to reduce the tax burdens on business and relaxed or abolished some bureaucratic controls, the business climate in the United States continued to deteriorate, especially during the eight years of the Eisenhower regime. This deteriorating business climate, accompanied by continuous depreciation of the dollar, a rapid rise of short-term liabilities and loss of gold, placed the U. S. dollar in a very precarious position. It has given rise to fears of dollar devaluation as indicated by the heavy demand for gold in London in the fall of 1960 when its free market price rose as high as $40 an ounce. And although only oblique mention was made of this precarious dollar situation at the IMF governors' meeting,

1. Historical Supplement to Federal Reserve Chart Book on Financial and Business Statistics, Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, Sept. 1959, pp. 2, 3
2. Federal Reserve *Bulletin*, May 1961, pp. 628, 630

the plan to enhance the Fund's resources merely aims at providing additional reserves for support of the dollar in an eventual dollar crisis.

However, the Berlin crisis brought unexpected relief to the ailing dollar. Soviet Premier Khrushchev could not have intended it that way, but the Berlin crisis undoubtedly alleviated the dollar crisis. Britain's gold and currency reserves lost the equivalent of $319.2 million in July, falling to the lowest level in three and a half years. Most of these funds presumably flowed to the United States. The West's most vexing financial problem—the accumulation of gold and foreign currency reserves by West Germany—was greatly alleviated by the Berlin crisis. Although it does not yet show up in official statistics, a sizable flow of funds developed away from West Germany.[3] And although U. S. imports in July rose by 16 per cent above June and 9 per cent above July 1960, and although the U.S. balance of deficits worsened again, gold withdrawals remained insignificant. Instead, the U. S. short-term liabilities to foreign banks, governments and individuals continued to rise rapidly. This year's balance of payment deficit is estimated at close to $2 billion.[4] The European governments and commercial banks are thus shifting liquid assets to the United States in a way similar to their successful operations before World War II. Most of their actual holdings already are in the United States. On July 31, 1961 the gold held under earmark at the Federal Reserve Banks for foreign and international accounts amounted to $11.506 billion[5] which exceeded the combined gold holdings of West Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland and Belgium. We may assume that the gold actually kept in the vaults of the European central banks amounts to trifling sums.

U.S. Inflationary Policies

In case the Berlin crisis should soon be settled amicably, we must anticipate an immediate aggravation of the dollar crisis. There is no indication whatever that the American Government is contemplating mending its financial ways. It is estimated that the budget deficit for the current fiscal year will be $8 to 10 billion. And on the basis of "experienced and careful study of 25 messages and communications by the President to Congress between January 20 and July 26," Virginia's Senator Harry F. Byrd, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, predicted that the Federal Government will soon spend more than $130 billion a year. In addition we must assume that the Federal Reserve System will continue to create bank credit in order to "facilitate economic growth and full employment." During the last twelve months the System created more than one billion dollars even though the U. S. dollar was in a most precarious position. And there is no indication that the Board of Governors may change its inflationary policies in the near future.

When the dark clouds of international hostility and conflict vanish, the greatest danger to the international capital market will again be the weakness of the dollar. The U. S. payment deficits cannot continue indefinitely. It is true that the U. S. Government may temporarily succeed in persuading foreign central banks to ignore the dollar weakness. But gentlemen's agreements in matters of high finance involving billions of dollars of deposits cannot be expected to be honored for long, especially since 1931 and 1949 when the pound sterling was suddenly devalued in spite of numerous solemn promises by British government officials. Also the additional IMF reserves pledged by its hard currency members cannot be expected to rescue the dollar in moments of crisis. The foreign aid to the U. S. dollar in the form of some $22 billion in short-term claims, in fact, has reached already such proportions that the losses resulting from an eventual dollar devaluation would force most central banks to follow the dollar immediately. Another $2 billion to $3 billion cannot alleviate the basic maladjustment resulting from the hardening of currencies in Europe and continuous monetary ease in America. This is why we must anticipate a new dollar crisis as soon as the Berlin crisis disappears.

3. *Basic Business News*, Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland, August 1, 1961
4. *Wall Street Journal*, September 22, 1961, p. 7
5. Federal Reserve *Bulletin*, August 1961, p. 1008

Speak Softly and Carry a Big Debt

Once upon a time, a great Western republic elected a very young man its President. He was rich and handsome, and he never had to worry about falling hair. During the campaign, voters admired his crisp speeches, especially such phrases as "I think we can do bettah!" and "Let's get this country on the *move* again!" And at cocktail parties and literary teas, intellectuals were heard repeating his famous rallying cry: "Let's abandon the off-shore islands!"

Actually, however, he was convinced the Reds were a Bad Thing. Therefore, as soon as he and his family and half of Hollywood had settled in the big house with the white columns, he decided to prove it.

First, he called in Dracula, the Chief Spy. Dracula's mission: get rid of The Beard. He told him to organize a small raiding party on a rusty Liberty ship with no air cover but lots of enthusiasm. "And for heaven's sake," he added, "don't let the Governor know what's going on!" As it turned out, the Governor was the only one who *didn't* know. The reporters and TV analyzers knew, and, of course, The Beard knew.

Needless to say, the President was upset. So, when the Reds threatened to take over the tiny Asiatic kingdom with the golden Buddha, he *really* got mad. He alerted the fleet, called in the Marines and held a big TV press conference at which he chanted the phrase, "Red Rover, Red Rover, I dare you to come over!" Well, as everybody knows, Rover did come over, and he's still there.

Now the President was really upset. As a matter of fact, *everybody* was becoming rather upset at this point. So, when Rover put the squeeze on the showcase city, he pulled out all the stops. He consulted the allies. He wrote notes. He called up reserves. And he warned Rover: "One more grab and you'll get it. This time I mean it. No foolin'." But Rover just smiled and sliced the city in half.

W. H. VON DREELE

Letter from the Continent

Hoxha Is a Balkan

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

I know that not only Americans but most Europeans as well are utterly bewildered by the curious three-cornered fight now going on in the Balkans. In order to understand what is happening, let us for the moment forget about the Chinese intervention, an extraneous factor which merely confuses the local issues. The Albanian Government under Enver Hoxha is Communist—it has long been anti-Titoist — and now is embroiled in an ideologically-disguised squabble with Moscow. To whom can the Albanians turn for aid if they refuse to bow to the West? Since they are using "orthodoxy" as an excuse for the rift, the only place left for them to go is China. Hence the curious *entente* uniting a tiny country fifty miles from Italy with Mao Tse-tung's restive China.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

To begin with, the dominating, effective political factors in the Balkans are: a) personality, b) nationalism, and c) ideology—in that order, although c) occasionally takes precedence over b). Personality—implying likes and dislikes, loyalty, and attachments as well as hatreds—always is paramount in that part of the world. The triumph of the irrational is to be expected. Attachments can be sentimental as well as sacred. In Albania, for instance, the *besa*, the formalized, sworn oath of loyalty and fidelity is almost a national ideal in the familial as well as in the political scene. Even more monumental are hatreds in the Balkans, a legacy of centuries of virtual slavery under Turkish rule. A delightful Balkan legend recounts that a fairy once appeared to a peasant and promised him fulfillment of his dearest wish. "But whatever you get will be given in double measure to your neighbor," she added. The peasant reflected for a while. "Take one of my eyes," he finally demanded.

Hate, however, is not the sole determinant of the Balkan character. It is only one pole, the other being pride, a pride of truly Spanish dimensions, explainable by the mountainous character of the area and the tradition of small, local rebellions against the Turkish overlord. This duality is the key to a deeper understanding of Southeast Europe which is usually so baffling to the Western observer. Hence Bismarck's outcry: "The only gentleman in the Balkans is the Turk."

The attitude of Enver Hoxha is profoundly determined by factors a), b), and c), to a much greater extent than is so in the case of Tito who, as a Croat, is not a Balkan in the strict sense of the term. Yugoslavia is geographically, denominationally and historically part Central European and part Balkan; it is, indeed, internally so sharply divided that it could only wage an ideological, not a national war. As a nation, Yugoslavia is purely fictitious; it has no historical background and this is the reason why it collapsed in 1941, after eight days of war. The tragedy of Drazha Mihailovitch resulted from the fact that his *Chetnitsi* were Serbs. The Croats had almost immediately joined the Germans, and *en masse*. It was their disappointment with the German liberation which later drove them into the arms of Tito, a Croat Communist who organized a partisan army on an ideological and xenophobic basis.

Croats cannot in general be as easily pushed around as, let us say, Czechs or Rumanians. Tito takes particular pride in having been a non-commissioned officer in the old Imperial Army and his political dream was a Titoist East Central Europe. Russian intervention in Hungary in 1956 shattered his dream (Kadar's defection was the final blow). His great weakness is without doubt the purely synthetic character of his "nation," whose only uniting bond is fear and hatred of Soviet Communism. A majority of the Croats, Serbs and Slovenes suffered a Russian "liberation." And Tito is enough of a Balkan never to forget it.

The historic and personal memory of Balkan men and women is tremendous. Tito remembers his years in Vienna with pleasure but he is also incapable of forgetting that, as an altar boy, he had his ears boxed by a priest. (In his dealings with the Catholic Church this event is far more significant to him than ideological consideration.) The superciliousness of his British contacts during the war years, as well as the arrogance of Stalin, were landmarks in his life. He realizes well enough that in case of a total Soviet victory he will be rubbed out brutally and in case of the Free World's final triumph he will inevitably be on the run—but with an opportunity to write his memoirs in Switzerland or Mexico for some high-paying American magazine. In the meantime he is deeply and rewardingly engaged in the beautiful neutralist game of milking America. And he does it more deftly than any of the others.

It is Hoxha, however, not Tito who is the Balkan *par excellence*. The instrument on which he plays—Albania—is even more brittle than Yugoslavia. The Albanians haven't even a unified spelling (since 1913 their nation's name has appeared in four different forms on their stamps); they have three faiths (Mohammedan, Greek Orthodox, Catholic); they have three basically different forms of music—doubly impressive if you remember that, as an ethnic unit, they number barely a million and a half. One fourth of them live in Yugoslavia, mostly in the "autonomous" Kosmet (Kossovo-Mezokhiya) District which Tito is trying to fashion into a springboard for a possible invasion of Albania. Here we have the traditional Albanian-Serb enmity in a new guise. Hatreds can be so strong in the Balkans, their flames can burn with such power, that *Realpolitik* goes overboard.

Meanwhile, the existence of a Chinese satellite halfway between the Parthenon and the Forum Romano remains a fact. A sign of our times?

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

May Conservative Professors Profess?

At Michigan State University, East Lansing, Dr. John N. Moore seems to be in trouble. For he is a political conservative, and a sponsor of the Michigan State Conservative Club (which held an immense rally last year with Senator Goldwater as speaker). And Dr. Moore, who is associate professor of natural science, has been speaking his mind about an hegemony of collectivistic opinions among his colleagues. Some people have been paying attention to Professor Moore—most notably, the members of the Michigan Farm Bureau, who are interested in Michigan State because once upon a time it was an agricultural college.

Kirk

Dr. John Hannah, president of Michigan State, recently denounced Dr. Moore before the annual convention of the Farm Bureau, which met on the MSU campus. He declined to dispute Dr. Moore's contention that conservative opinions have a thin time in East Lansing, "because they are too lacking in factual foundation to merit it." Rather, he contented himself with sneers at Dr. Moore and with vague generalizations as to how the University—well, the College of Agriculture, anyhow—really is true-blue conservative.

If Dr. Moore were not a resolute man, this would make him nervous. For not long ago Professor Charles Rogers, assistant director of the MSU Labor and Industrial Relations Center, was dismissed from his post because he had ventured to remark that the Center suffered from a pro-union bias. And a colleague of Dr. Moore's was informed that he had better "get off his patriotic kick" if he desires to be promoted. (Because of his conservative views, he has not been promoted for years.) Dr. Moore himself was warned by one of President Hannah's assistants that his "activities might interfere with" his "teaching abilities." It's well for Dr. Moore that he obtained tenure before his political views were known; but no one can be quite sure of his tenure at MSU, it appears, unless he is a certified Liberal or radical.

Perhaps Dr. Moore's principal *faux pas* occurred in May 1959, when he was the *only* member of the faculty senate to vote in favor of retaining the loyalty-oath provision in the National Defense Education Act. (Talk about conformity!) "I was gravely concerned when the Academic Senate at Michigan State," Dr. Moore writes, "voted 400 to 1 *against* the loyalty oath in the National Defense Education Act. . . . Amidst the snickers and hisses, I was the only one who voted in favor of it. And I find it more than sheer chance that there would be so many teachers accumulated at MSU who find it repugnant for a student to take an oath of loyalty to his country."

Threefold Purpose

No, the powers that be at MSU don't forget such deviations from orthodoxy. The present attack on Dr. Moore, another member of the Conservative Club writes to me, seems designed for three purposes: to silence one of the major means of letting the public know what is happening at Michigan State; to reduce the Conservative Club's source of funds; and to divide and confuse a major segment of conservatism in Michigan—the farmers, that is. Dr. Hannah's stand is commended by the Midwest edition of the Communist *Worker* (November 12, 1961), doubtless because it works to the advantage of the Communist concept of academic freedom.

To real academic freedom, MSU conservatives are not in the least opposed. What they seek is some genuine exchange of views, rather than a collectivist and positivistic indoctrination of the students. "I think," says Dr. Moore, "that the university must not be left at the mercy of well-known professors who tell the students that 'the marriage ceremony doesn't mean a goddamn thing' (*Michigan State News*, April 21, 1961), or that 'the students have a moral obligation to write off their parents' (*Michigan State News*, February 28, 1961)."

President Hannah argues that MSU students, by and large, are conservative. He is right, I think; but in spite of, not because of, the faculty and the courses of instruction. Michigan State always has tended to be an intellectual backwater—that is, twenty years behind intellectual currents at leading universities—which is not altogether a bad thing. When I was a freshman there, in 1937, the goon-squads of the UAW, having taken over the city of Lansing for the day, came out on their motorcycles, like Nazi stormtroopers, to close the shops of East Lansing; and we students took them off their motorcycles and dumped them in the Red Cedar River, and then beat back to Lansing the big mob of union stalwarts who came out from the city to retaliate upon us. The professors, too, in those days, were a fairly conservative lot.

But now, though State still is an intellectual backwater, the professorial climate of opinion at MSU is the popular-front mentality of the late thirties: an obsolete "Liberalism" is the prevailing cultural lag, and seems to govern the students who have been appointed to run the student newspaper. In 1937, the Michigan State administrators refused to allow Norman Thomas to speak on the campus. (I heard him speak, instead, in the Peoples Church, and very well he spoke.) But last year Norman Thomas spoke under the sponsorship of MSU's Labor Relations Center, and President Hannah sat respectfully in the front row. I rejoice that MSU's administrators have grown tolerant of my friend Mr. Thomas, an interesting and courageous man. But also it is time that they grew up intellectually and commenced tolerating conservative professors.

The Cold War and Its Origins

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

D. F. Fleming, Research Professor of International Relations at Vanderbilt University, has spent fourteen years and filled 1,115 pages in producing what may be the most harmful book of our time. Ever since the great Leopold von Ranke, serious historians have sought to write history "as it actually happened" (*"wie es eigentlich gewesen war"*) regardless of the writer's personal opinions. This Ranke accomplished by sticking closely to the "narratives of eye-witnesses and genuine immediate documents." Now Fleming has demonstrated that by interpolating a flood of personal interpretations and omitting key facts, it is possible both to follow Ranke and to turn out what amounts to a caricature of events since 1917.

One reason is that, unlike Aristide Briand who "knew nothing and understood everything," Fleming resembles Poincaré, who "knew everything and understood nothing"—or, shall we say, very little. Another is that our professor looks upon the Cold War less as an American scholar than as a pacifist, pro-Russian, reforming revivalist whose purpose it is to call the unrighteous (on our side only, of course) to repentance and to avoid nuclear hell by making peace at almost any price with Red Russia and Red China.

To his honor, he admits this. He has, he says, "sought at every stage to present the other side—how [he thinks] it looks to the 'enemy.'" He has no difficulty in doing it since substantially he agrees with the "enemy." This, to him, is not predatory international Communism. No, Fleming's enemies, of which there are a host, are mostly on our side—the European and American leaders who tried to crush and then cold-shouldered Russia between 1917 and 1939; all those who appeased Hitler but also Churchill and later de Gaulle; Germans even to the second and third generations; American Cold War leaders, Truman, Acheson and Dulles (but excluding Eisenhower, who, Fleming thinks, repented); finally, big landlords, colonialists, fascists, feudalists, reactionaries and predatory big business.

The Cold War and Its Origins, by D. F. Fleming (two vols.). Doubleday, $15.00

In short, in trying to present the "other side," Fleming has not only risen "above the battle" but swerved so far to the Left that he deserves to be considered the Linus Pauling of American historians. Since at the same time he identifies his own viewpoint with that of "human reason," "mankind," the "world community," the "future" and "the universal aspirations for a good life which all men share," this pacifist bigot has produced a version of recent events which reminds this reviewer of scenes in that old movie, *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari*, scenes which, though familiar, yet baffled the spectator until he realized that he was listening to a story being told by one inmate of an insane asylum to another. Fleming is not insane. He simply cannot understand why some men and states (on our side, of course) perversely put the attainment of their personal and collective aims above international coexistence or even peace—although real history shows that they always have and presumably will continue to do so.

Basic to his distortion is his view of Soviet Communism. He says he does not like Communism. But like the Sydney Webbs in the thirties, whose *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization* became, when it appeared, the joke of the year among Westerners in Moscow, Fleming justifies practically everything Communists do on the basis of what they say. Such gullibility could be excused in the early twenties, when idealistic young American correspondents in Russia wanted to "help build socialism." It is inexcusable in a scholar of 1961. For instance, it is now clear that Russia married Marxism to Ivan the Terrible and has been busy exporting the hideous offspring ever since. To Fleming Communism remains basically reform—needed reform in most places. Hence the various outside attempts to extirpate Communism indicate that the West has "lost the capacity to welcome any democratic revolution, let alone encourage it."

Fleming pities the victims of fascism and thinks that the West should have aided the Spanish Republic against Franco (so did I until the Communists had virtually taken over that Republic). He argues that acceptance of Russia's request for collective security against Nazi Germany might have prevented World War II—which is possible. Yet at the same time he has no sympathy for those Poles and Rumanians (probably wicked fascists!) who feared Soviet military occupation more than they feared the chance of invasion by Hitler—and turned out to be right. He believes that F.D.R. (the only recent American President of whom he can approve) had every right to trust Stalin and cheerfully accept the latter's brutal acquisition of "friendly neighbors" in East Europe and the Far East, and that Truman and Eisenhower should have continued to do the same. Yet who but a pigheaded leader or an American professor could trust any ruler later described by his former lackey, Khrushchev, as "a supremely evil man, a despot gone berserk with power, a psychopath of the worst sort, who resorted unrestrainedly to lies, plots, counter-plots,

torture, blood purges and mass murder"?

Fleming attributes the beginning of the Cold War to Truman (in 1945 or 1947—he says both) or to Churchill's Iron Curtain speech at Fulton, Mo. in March 1946. Yet he forgets that Lenin declared war on the bourgeois world back in 1917 and that Stalin, having played his wartime "allies" for suckers, deliberately redeclared it in his speech of February 9, 1946. To George Kennan in Moscow this speech meant further Soviet "power expansion" by a political force "committed . . . to the belief that with the United States there can be no permanent *modus vivendi*, that it is . . . necessary that our traditional way of life be destroyed, the international power of our state be broken, if Soviet power is to be sure." Who was right, Kennan in Moscow or Fleming in Tennessee?

Fleming also conveniently overlooks Russia's blatant disregard of its specific promises in return for diplomatic recognition by the United States in 1933 and the Kremlin's patent violations of the Atlantic Charter. He gives a hopelessly one-sided account of the Hitler-Stalin 1939 agreement dividing Poland, and of Stalin's later insolent territorial demands on Hitler that justified, though they did not provoke (that would not have been necessary) Hitler's attacking the Soviet Union. Most surprising of all, this diligent collector of minor remarks by Liberal columnists who shared his thesis apparently overlooks two of the most revealing facts of the thirties: the Ukrainians' original warm welcome to the invading Nazis (until Hitler turned loose his brutes upon them) and the readiness of several hundred thousand Russian prisoners to serve Germany under Russian General Vlasov, against Stalin and Mother Russia. Fleming consistently assumes that Russians live under Communism because they like it.

For a champion of righteousness, Fleming has curious blind spots. He states that China was "satisfied" with F.D.R.'s gifts of Chinese territory and other property to Russia at Yalta. I happened to hear from Chinese Foreign Minister T. V. Soong that China accepted these one-sided sacrifices only because it could do nothing else. He finds Stalin's "moving of Germans from German territories" to be "historically justified." He approves the division of Germany "if necessary to stabilize the peace of Europe." Well, Germany had it coming. But Fleming has no more sympathy for the East European victims of Soviet imperialism since "Soviet control of Eastern Europe was not a high price" to pay for years of appeasement of Hitler—by West Europeans! How justify making East Europeans suffer for others' mistakes?

Equally disconcerting are Fleming's comments on more recent events and on the world situation at the time he ceased writing (summer 1960). Here are a few choice specimens:

Random Notes

MOVIES: Quoth Dino De Laurentiis on his forthcoming flick, *The Bible:* "Ever since I announced my intention to produce *The Bible* as a ten- or twelve-hour film to be released in three or four separate parts, I have been inundated with mail from around the world . . . most wanting to know why I wish to make another Biblical film. . . . I got the idea for making *The Bible* one night when I was unable to sleep and picked up my bedside Bible and began to read some of my favorite chapters. It suddenly occurred to me what a tremendous motion picture the entire Bible would make. . . ."

TELEVISION: The ratings, this fall, began reflecting what may be a trend away from action-adventure shows, with *The Untouchables* running behind Mitch Miller, *Hawaiian Eye* behind Como, *Surfside 6* behind Danny Thomas and Andy Griffith, *Adventures in Paradise* behind *Candid Camera* and *What's My Line.*

THEATER: David Merrick's *Carnival* has had for months a casting call out for "two midgets, male or femme, who can play the trumpet." . . . What the Abominable Showman also needs, according to *Variety:* a nice looking masculine Negro actor who speaks fluent German with a sense of humor and intensity.

RECORDS: A hit record of Italy: a 45 RPM with Gagarin's voice on one side; code signals of the principal U.S. and USSR satellites on the reverse.

PRESS: An issue of the British magazine *Encounter* this fall contained a letter from Kenneth Tynan which read in part: "Provoked by Dr. Castro's nationalization of American business interests in Cuba (or was there some other act of provocation that I missed?), the U.S. government financed, armed, and planned an invasion." (You simply gotta keep on the *qui vive*, Kenny).

INCIDENTAL: From the *Hollywood Reporter*, this social note: "Playa Suave is THE new all-night funspot in Acapulco. It's run by a little guy who greets the people, cooks the food, serves the booze, sings, hoofs, and tells funny stories, watches the cash register, sweeps out the joint, turns on a lot of charm and is a complete smash. He is twelve years old."

BOOKS: *Van Gogh: A Self-Portrait*, edited by W. H. Auden (New York Graphic Society, $10), is a sampling from the three-volume, $50 *Collected Letters*, perhaps the most extraordinary correspondence in the history of art. . . . In January, Viking publishes Graham Greene's *In Search of A Character* ($3.50), a journal kept through two trips to Africa that provided some of the material not only for Greene's recent *A Burnt-Out Case* but also for the great *The Heart of the Matter*. . . . Out now, a pocketbook edition of Louis Auchincloss' 1960 novel, *The House of Five Talents* (Dell, 60¢), an immensely interesting and generally underrated book about rich people, deliciously full of loving detail about wills, trusts, and the terms of loans.

South Korea probably attacked North Korea first (no answer required). We should hold a plebiscite on Formosa (but not in East Germany or the satellites) because Red China will eventually take it anyway. Japan cannot successfully arm against its "giant neighbor" (a starving giant). Eisenhower reached a satisfactory agreement on Germany at the first Summit and then fumbled it (no mention of Russia's repudiation of it at the subsequent Foreign Ministers' Conference). "Our close alliance with Germany was disintegrating" (as borne out by the intimacy of the recent Kennedy-Adenauer meeting?). "In 1959 the untenability of the Berlin enclave was recognized by Herter and Eisenhower" (funny that we still hold it).

"Neutralism was bound to grow apace as preferable to permitting the Americans to play cops and robbers around the containment rim, with the lives of nations as pawns" (sounds like Nehru). Dulles was defeated not by Eisenhower's military economies and lack of nerve but by "the will of the peoples to live" (when?). In 1960, "Khrushchev had made a supreme effort to make peace with the West" (meaning to impose his own terms). And—prize statement—the U.S. was forced to "retract from the Truman Doctrine" (again, where?).

Fleming's conclusion—repeated *ad nauseam*—*the West has lost the Cold War*. Chapter XXXIV tells why. But then, before the reader has recovered, he is told that the *Cold War could not be won* (hence could not be lost). And if the Soviet H-bomb had so checkmated American power that "neither [side] would be able to . . . force any change in the *status quo*," then how could the United States be "over-extended" (as Fleming charges) or its positions in Berlin or Formosa be "untenable"? (Answer, Clio!)

But why go on? This is not history, despite the author's diligence, his massed facts and tedious newspaper comments, his cranky "interpretations." *The Cold War and Its Origins* is a wrong-headed sermon likely to become the Bible of Western appeasers and a potent weapon in Communism's propaganda arsenal. Certainly, it rates a Stalin—excuse me, a Lenin—Peace Prize.

Loss of Urbanity

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

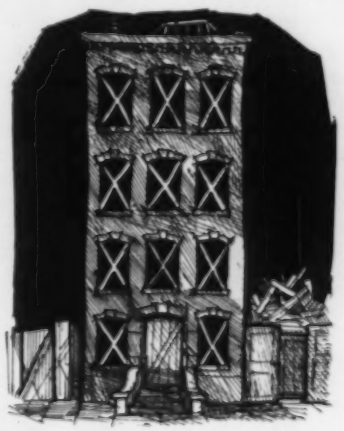
JANE JACOBS has written a book that may well survive the cities which, as she so vividly shows, are being ridden and planned to death by the people supposed to preserve and renew them. Living in non-cities such as Los Angeles, in vast conglomerations of suburbs, in homogeneous aggregates along highways, our heirs at least will know what they lost, and why. *Nessun maggior dolore che ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria.* Certainly—but perhaps pain and nostalgia will generate the impulse to rebuild what we are so energetically destroying.

The Death and Life of Great American Cities, by Jane Jacobs. Random House, $5.95

Mrs. Jacobs writes gracefully and as a dilettante—one who delights—in cities as most planners unhappily do not. Her urbane language may well cause her double trouble: it stamps her as amateur in the eyes of professionals who are accustomed to produce studies that read as though someone had forgotten to translate them from the Hungarian; and she runs the further danger of convincing her readers that they always knew what they are reading. She writes so clearly, her ideas seem obvious and the reader may feel he always knew them. Of course, this is instruction at its Socratic best—but often an unrewarding accomplishment for the author. Yet Mrs. Jacobs deserves our gratitude. What she offers is quite original, even though, or because, it is simple common sense: the common sense that our traffic patterns are so carefully planned to avoid.

Unavoidably, less than full justice is done to some planners: occasionally bad planning occurs despite and not because of them. Yet it is true that most planners have little love and less understanding of urban life. They have bucolic dreams; or think in terms of "population mix" or feel that "slums [places that are alive and therefore do not look orderly] breed crime" and forget that housing projects breed dullness and therefore more crime; still others reduce cities (they have nearly succeeded) to traffic arteries, with costly landscaped borders (useless because of the noxious fumes and the noise of cars) and cemented-over playgrounds.

As Mrs. Jacobs says "a city cannot be a work of art." Certainly it is likely to be stillborn if it is planned as such. A city must be a place for life to unfold and then, perhaps, be transcended into art. This can happen only if its essence is not smothered: the tension, the opportunity, the liveliness that is generated by the diversity of the elements it contains and the multiple contacts among them. Such diversity does not consist



in a uniform mix or in compartmentalization; both lead to deadly, homogenized dullness; it requires preponderance of one group here, another there, clustering, patchwork, but not regimentation. It wants high and low income families, old and new houses and people, small and big ones, overlapping and varied uses, professions, occupations, diversions, habits. And it wants streets broad and narrow, winding and straight; above all, surprises, unsought beauty, spontaneous life. Planning cannot create, but it can destroy a city; still planning—if it were only understood rightly—is needed to offset the endogenous growth of uniformity which also destroys the delicate balance that makes a city. Zoning for

diversity is needed—and, usually, we get zoning for uniformity.

The deterioration of cities through compartmentalization and traffic is associated with pathology among its inhabitants both directly—boredom makes for crime—and indirectly because it removes the controls inherent in actually urban life. A monofunctional street lives only part of the time; deserted for the rest, it invites crime, as a street that is used by people and businesses most of the times does not. It seems obvious that life and property are more secure on streets that are alive; and more fun. By planning for, or permitting blocks and streets to be monopolized by housing developments for just one income group, or by businesses without residences, or residences without businesses, we have permitted our cities to deteriorate. By inviting automobiles and making walking difficult, we have deprived ourselves of unplanned contacts. Lincoln Center, the deteriorating rail transportation systems, the lack of any serious measures to control air pollution or preserve diverse housing, all suggest that the trend is still in the wrong direction.

Perhaps Mrs. Jacobs can mobilize the forces of urbanity. To this end, she might have proposed some measures in addition to the many good ideas she puts up for discussion. Let me list a few. Landlords could be made to plant trees before their houses. Private automobile traffic could be discouraged by requiring for automobiles used in the city payment of a high enough tax. A really high parking fee, really enforced, would do—*e.g.*, two dollars an hour. (Taxis, and some occupational categories can be exempted.) Automobiles can be equipped with pollution control devices; mass transportation can be improved. Above all, if we want to improve housing conditions, we ought not only to stop, as Mrs. Jacobs rightly proposes, the dreadful projects on which our money is squandered; we ought as a matter of principle to stop public or semi-public housing. If people are to be helped with public money, they should never be given help in kind (unless legally incompetent) such as housing; they should receive help in the form of money. If they want to spend that money on housing, builders will no doubt find it profitable to build it. If not, it means they want something else more. I believe they understand their own needs best. As long as they are allowed to vote, they should also be allowed to spend money, including help given them, in terms of their needs as they judge them.

The all-important diversity of uses is now smothered both by planners and foolishly assessed real estate taxes. The trend could be reversed by fiscal measures, and, if need be, by prohibiting use of any block for exclusively residential or exclusively business purposes. But this aim could be achieved better by fiscal policies which might make exceptions costly but possible, so that where a real need exists they could occur.

As I look back on the enjoyable experience of reading *The Death and Life of Great American Cities,* I experience an agreeable sensation of *déjà vu.* I said some of the same things some years ago (*American Scholar,* Fall 1959). But they were *obiter dicta* as my present remarks are. For a rich elaboration, a wealth of illustrations and of convincing and witty arguments, one must read Mrs. Jacobs' book.

How to Spend That Christmas Money

Some Picture-Books of the Season

GUY DAVENPORT

THE MONOGRAPH on art comes into gaudy prominence at this season as a gift book, and despite the frustrations which bristle like thorns from the whole subject of the art book—its economic commitment to approved and safe artists, its mediocrity in the hands of American printers (the fine books in our shops are printed in Holland, Switzerland, Germany, or Italy), its pitiful status as reading matter, its prohibitive costs—there is much to be recommended in this year's pickings.

Werner Hofmann's *The Earthly Paradise: Art in the Nineteenth Century* (George Braziller, $25, translated from the German by Brian Battershaw) stands with Professor S. J. Freedburg's *Painting of the High Renaissance in Rome and Florence* (Harvard, 2 vols., $30) among the finest to be had. Prof. Freedburg's study of the classic painting of our civilization is a scholarly masterpiece, but for all its freshness cannot claim the interest of a more daring study, Werner Hofmann's startling organization of nineteenth-century painting into a single subject. One has long suspected that the received program of movements and styles in the latest old masters were not quite what they avowed, that Naturalism, Pre-Raphaelitism, Impressionism, and so on were stop-gap designations. Beginning with Courbet, Mr. Hofmann shows us that Naturalism is just as symbolic as good painting has always been, and proceeds to make the most familiar of paintings wholly new things. We find subject headings such as "Light-worship," "Gigantomania." "Youth and Friendship," and chapters entitled "The Earthly Hell," "Woman as Myth," "Nature and History." This highly imaginative, exciting essay is one of the first in the long-needed studies of modern art. Those familiar with the work of Panofsky, Wylie Sypher, and Selden Rodman (to be thoroughly eclectic in naming critics who can refocus our eyes) will recognize Werner Hofmann as a critic worth close attention.

Among the new studies of painters we find Robert Cantwell's *Alexander Wilson: Naturalist and Pioneer* (Lippincott, $15), technically a biography of the great ornithologist whose career and achievement lie in the obscuring shadow of Audubon. Wilson's engravings, however, qualify as some of the finest in our history (there are color reproductions). This is a work in reclamation and reinterpretation: an admirable job. A wealth of fine art lies hidden and unappreciated in nineteenth-century science, in the incredibly fine drawings of Sonrel, for instance, or of government geologists working under Clarence King and Pumpelly; one rejoices when a scholar makes them available. Another effort in reclama-

tion is Albert Gardner's *Winslow Homer* (Potter, $25), a good book to look at but weak of text and from the student's point of view no improvement over Goodrich's study of some years back.

For those who can manage to get it, the handsomest book of the season is not a book at all but the fat catalog to the Chinese Art Treasures exhibition sponsored by our and the Chinese governments. The book is as fine as Skira's best, is called *Chinese Art Treasures*, and can be had from the doors of the exhibition itself. Should Skira issue it commercially, it will make a fine trilogy together with Skira's two other splendid studies in oriental painting: James Cahill's *Chinese Painting*, issued last year but very much around still, and the newly published *Japanese Painting* by Akiyama Terukazu ($22.50). Along with these ought to be mentioned Fujio Kayama's *Chinese Ceramic Art* (Tuttle, $25), a book of extraordinary beauty.

Picasso, whose metamorphic eye is the symbol of our age and whose eightieth birthday has been one of the occasions of the season, is represented among the new books by David Douglas Duncan's *Picasso's Picassos* (Harper, $30), a color record of the master's own *cache* of his paintings, for the most part never photographed before, and by a suite of etchings of tauromachy in Jaime Sabartés' *Picasso: Toreros* (Braziller, $17.50). Sabartés is one of the oldest of Picasso's friends (and favorite models), and Mr. Duncan might go to school to him to learn how to write a text to accompany pictures.

The most engaging series of art books around is that being issued by Crown. This year finds them issuing *The Art of the Middle East* and *The Art of Ancient America*. Each volume is $5.95. The quality of the text and of the reproductions is as good as that of the rare and expensive books in which such subjects are usually to be found.

Among the studies which qualify as both histories and picture-books of movements are John Rewald's *The History of Impressionism* (Doubleday, $20), Margaret Bieber's revised edition of *The Sculpture of the Hellenistic Age* (Columbia, $22), Werner Haftman's *Painting in the Twentieth Century* (Praeger, $42.50), and Gaston Diehl's *The Moderns* (Crown, $10). Mr. Diehl's book, like his individual studies of Van Gogh and Picasso of last year, is almost good, falling unhappily between freshness and a perhaps useless recapitulation of matters long since gone into. Mr. Haftman's study is for the dedicated connoisseur (and the well-to-do).

The Victorian album is coming back into vogue, those heavy and delicious parlor-table books on any subject that come to the publisher's mind. These are properly Christmas books, the library equivalent of the fruit cake and the bounty of toys under the tree. One can find books that are literally albums (of German postcards of the last century, of antique automobiles, of castles, of . . . well, the entire periphery of art as a serious subject). One of the richest of these books is *The Horizon Book of the Renaissance*, done by the editors of *Horizon* (itself a parlor-table magazine), with Richard Ketchum as editor-in-charge. The price is a fashionable $17.50 and the book is, like *Life's* "pictorial essays," a free-for-all conglomeration of painting, maps, photographs, essays by "authorities" (I quote because the authorities involved are usually having a field-day at such a task as this, writing off the tops of their heads and enjoying themselves immensely). One could ask for what audience these books are and cast gloom on the whole subject. It is wrong, however, to ask strategic questions of a book that has 160 color prints, 480 illustrations in all, that is a pleasure to relax with, and that is written by, among others, J. Bronowski, Sir Kenneth Clark, H. R. Trevor-Roper, and Morris Bishop.

There is no mystery about the audience of another parlor-table book: Björn Landström's *The Ship* (Doubleday, $14.95). I have left it lying around for a week or so and it has struck college students dumb with envy, taken a sailor away from his fiancée long enough to see its every page, captivated a French naval officer, and if it isn't stolen between times I intend to turn it over to a six-year-old nephew, with the assurance that he will neglect bicycles and space gadgets to study its 309 pages of drawings. The drawings are both technical and what can only be called formal portraits of ships, from neolithic coracles to the atomic sub. The author is Finnish, and his knowledge of ships incredibly wide and detailed and understandably obsessed.

Music

Rubinstein at Carnegie Hall

W. F. RICKENBACKER

THIS SEASON Artur Rubinstein (aged 72) has been giving a series of ten recitals—all for charity, all at Carnegie Hall, all within forty days, all to a house that has been sold out for months—commemorating the fifty-fifth anniversary of his American debut as an impassioned but rough-hewn pianist and the twenty-fourth anniversary of his American re-debut, under the management of Sol Hurok, as a pianist who played all the notes.

"He was always sloppy when he played in the annual Chopin competition I sponsored at my villa in Warsaw," said the exiled Baroness who tried to teach me Russian in 1950, "but when he married, his wife made him get down to work at the piano. He would have been nothing —*nichevó*—without her." (When the baroness talked of piano playing, I paid attention: her cousin was Alexander Sziloti, the last and the greatest of the pupils of Franz Liszt, and her stories of going to concerts in the company of Sergei Rachmaninoff were legion—but we're reviewing Rubinstein.)

The present adulation of Rubinstein has three sources: the eleemosynary, the geriatric, and the musical. For his lifelong interest in young pianists and composers, for his bravura introduction of new

music, for his innumerable performances in the cause of charity, Rubinstein deserves a place in the history of grand benefactions; and not least among the exploits that have earned him this esteem is the present series of charity recitals.

It is said, also, that Rubinstein is remarkable for a man of his years. His energy is indeed remarkable, but it is the frenzied energy of a man who, like Bernard Shaw, has approached the ridiculous by insisting, despite the evidence, that he is eternally twenty. At 72 Rubinstein is active; but he is not peerless. Among all pianists he is, perhaps, slightly better than second-rate, but in that elite class of septuagenarian performers he must rank near the bottom, if only because most of the great pianists possess an internal engine of self-evaluation that makes them quit the stage while the house still cries for more (Liszt, Hoffman, Horowitz). Which brings us to his music.

Rubinstein started the program of his third concert, which I attended, with a warm-up piece, the *Prelude, Chorale and Fugue* of César Franck. The Prelude, never an exciting thing, went to sleep under his fingers. In the Chorale he too often missed the melodic notes that plump down from the skies to crown those keyboard-swallowing arpeggios. The Fugue was muddy. He ended noisily, and the applause was dutiful (as it was all evening).

Then, Schumann's *Carnaval*. Rubinstein handled the quieter sections effectively (Pierrot, Chopin, Aveu. Promenade). But he plainly was not equal to the mad fancy and overreaching virtuosity required in such sections as the Preamble, Pantalon et Colombine, and Marche des Davidsbündler. The principal musical problem in *Carnaval* is to make a series of episodes sound as if it were not a series of episodes: a problem Rubinstein left unsolved.

The most idiomatic playing of the evening appeared in a Chopin group, two Mazurkas and the F Minor *Ballade*, in the last of which Rubinstein came closest to a direct and complete statement of passion. But even this was marred by strange lapses, such as a couple of trills that sounded lopsided and wooden; and in the dreamy D-flat section (with reiterated ascending left-hand scales) he managed to evoke an army on the march rather than a poet musing.

Liszt's *Valse Oubliée* and *Hungarian Rhapsody #12* closed the program. The waltz, a sardonic joke of the salon-society genre, went well indeed. Rubinstein was particularly effective in telling the folksongs of the Rhapsody, and he managed to plow through the crashing finale with enormous vigor.

Rubinstein is an old man, and he is doing this for charity. He should not be judged as if he were a fresh young performer seeking an audience. A Rubinstein performance is in the nature of an alumni reunion, in which savoring the past and counting the grey hairs overshadow the music. The excitement of a New York debut is half a century behind him; he has played, I should guess, more than five thousand times in public; it is not to be wondered that he can sit, hardly moving, with his face totally expressionless, as he recites for the how-manyeth time the music he already had well under his fingers when my parents were children. After all, alumni don't get together to write term papers.

For this, then: for his life of hard work rewarded by success, for his magnanimous service to his fellow artists and to his fellow citizens, let's give the maestro one more round of applause and wish him many joyous encores.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

ONLY IN RUSSIA, by Howard Norton (Van Nostrand, $4.95). Anyone befuddled by incantations about Soviet "growth," or confused by Moscow's juggling of doctored statistics, should read this book. Howard Norton, former *Baltimore Sun* correspondent in the USSR, displays little or no animus against the Soviet regime, and certainly none against Russia as a nation. Yet he has written as damning an indictment of Soviet "progress" as can be found anywhere in print. And as the fact accumulates, it becomes increasingly clear that Soviet technology is a farce and a failure. "No new Moscow apartment house," Norton reports, "is complete without a semi-permanent wire netting which stands out parallel with the ground for five or six feet in a solid circle around the building at the second floor level." Otherwise, passers-by would be killed by the stones exfoliating from these marvels of Soviet construction. There is no transportation net to bring produce to Moscow from the South; production "advances" are blatantly copied from old-hat American models; Moscow, a city of five million people, has no telephone directory, and precisely eight commercial gas stations. Yet this is the nation supposedly "overtaking" the United States, with a space technology of superhuman efficiency! For those who would know the truth about the physical assets of our enemy, Mr. Norton is more informative than all the government's Kremlinologists combined.

M. S. EVANS

MR. PULLMAN'S PALACE CAR, by Lucius Beebe (Doubleday, $17.50). This is a delicious book, and you can really say and mean it's for all the family (if the family, at any rate, can afford it). Lots of pictures—there are hundreds of them—are plenty of fun for the two and three year olds. For the teenagers and the newly-weds, there is a long and loving and witty look into a past that must seem a thousand years away, except that their parents were brought up in it, and their grandfathers rode its

(Continued on p. 463)

To the Editor

Tenure as Criterion

I would like to add one more practical reform to those mentioned by Russell Kirk [Dec. 16]. It has to do with teachers' salaries and tenure.

Next September, after receiving a degree from Yale's Master of Arts in Teaching Program, I will be teaching somewhere—that much is guaranteed by the present shortage of mathematics teachers. I will also be underpaid. The amazing thing is that this too is caused by the dearth of teachers. Teaching is at present a sellers' market; as a result buyers, the public, must be satisfied with second-rate teachers. But this is not the real problem; the rub arises from the fact that teachers are usually paid on the basis of time served rather than quality. Hence all teachers, good and bad, who have been teaching for a given number of years are paid the same salary. I am firmly convinced that considering the average quality of teachers in this country, the profession is grossly overpaid.

It follows that teachers as a group cannot expect any marked salary increases; there is a limit to how much the public will pay for shoddy performance. The only hope which good teachers have for being paid their due is to stop dragging the dead weight of poor teachers up the economic ladder with them. The only hope which the public has for getting good teachers is to pay teachers on the basis of merit rather than tenure. Here, as in all sectors of the economy, quality and justice are both dependent on the right of the individual to deal directly with his employer if he so chooses.

New Haven, Conn. ERIC R. STIETZEL

Loss of Initiative

On the eve of the "great debate" on the proposal to give the President broad powers to make across-the-board tariff concessions which could practically bring us into the Atlantic Community, we should face the alternatives on this proposition. What we will be sacrificing in any such arrangement will be our power to be *selective* which is contained in the reciprocal trade principle under which we now operate. Without this power we lay open any American industry which the Europeans may find it economically profitable to destroy to the will of others. It is this loss of initiative in how we conduct our *economy* which may lead to the loss of initiative in how we conduct our *political* affairs.

Washington, D.C. F. R. ELDRIDGE

A Brief for the Negative

I disagree with Mr. Burnham's position on the Common Market [Nov. 18] as a desirable organization for us to join. For him to ignore the political consequences involved in an Atlantic Union of this kind is difficult to understand. The pressure for our entry to the Common Market is mounting and we will proceed towards this amalgamated trade union by way of a purely "economic thoroughfare," or garden path, with the political ramifications kept neatly in the background. The appeal is going to be to the pocketbook and may be very convincing to those who do not see its relation to political and legal, as well as economic, self-rule. In entering this union we will be surrendering most, if not all, of our economic autonomy to international bodies such as the Atlantic Institute (recently set up) or the O.E.C.D., I.M.F. and others. To think that we can merely relinquish our economic autonomy without giving up our political or legal autonomy is wishful thinking.

If it is not enough that all of our internationalist One Worlders are advocating that we join this market, I refer you to an article in the *New York Times'* magazine section [Nov. 12, 1961], by Mr. Eric Johnston, entitled "We Must Join the Common Market." He says: "It has swept aside petty nationalisms, age-old rivalries, and worn-out customs." Referring to Britain, he says, "We see a nation that traditionally values sovereignty above all else willing to give up its authority over major areas of its economy, placing this authority in Continental hands. . . ." Since the goal of our international planners is a World Government, this Atlantic Community would mark a giant step

Here is what YOU can do NOW

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"Long before our own time, the customs of our ancestors moulded admirable men, and in turn these eminent men upheld the ways and institutions of their forebears. Our age, however, inherited the Republic like some beautiful painting of bygone days, its colors already fading through great age; and not only has our time neglected to freshen the colors of the picture, but we have failed to preserve its form and outlines. For what remains to us, nowadays, of the ancient ways on which the commonwealth, we are told, was founded? We see them so lost in oblivion that they are not merely neglected, but quite forgot. And what am I to say of the men? For our customs have perished for want of men to stand by them, and we are now called to an account, so that we stand impeached like men accused of capital crimes, compelled to plead our own cause. Through our vices, rather than from happenstance, we retain the word "republic" long after we have lost the reality."

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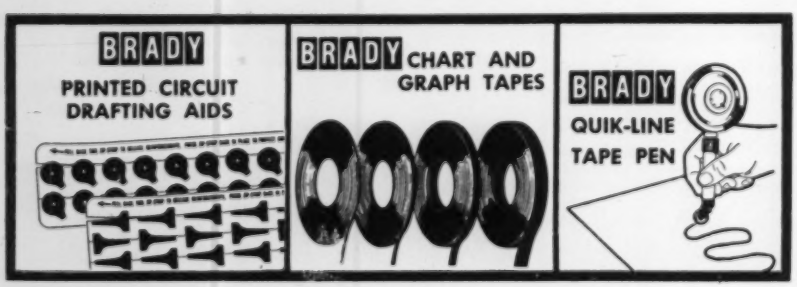

in that direction for, once American economic autonomy is absorbed, a larger grouping is a question of time. Frankly, it is being very cleverly done for, in a sense, they have us over a barrel. Listen to what Mr. Johnston has to say: "Consider the savage wounds that isolationism would inflict. . . . We would lose our export markets and deny ourselves the imports we need. We would be crippled by reduced output, industrial decline, widespread unemployment."

But the solution to this dilemma is not the incorporation of the United States into an Atlantic Community or "economic empire," but merely what libertarians like Henry Hazlitt and Ludwig von Mises have been arguing for years: an end to government regulations, an end to government competition in industry, and a realistic depreciation allowance for industry. Create a free market here, give us a sound, debt-free money system, and we'll compete with anyone, Europe and Asia combined. In short, get this governmental monstrosity off our backs and we won't have to worry about European competition or Communism either. If we want to preserve our sovereignty, this is the way to do it; not acquiesce to an international planning board. If we go into this Common Market, we might just as well stop talking about Constitutional guarantees, Connally Amendments or, for that matter, conservatism in general.

New York City ROBERT F. CODY

We welcome this able brief for the negative as part of a many-sided discussion of the Atlantic Common Market which NR will be continuing in our pages. —ED.

Mental Telepathy?

The Peiping Chinese were the only major silver seller in the world markets who stopped selling the metal on Monday morning, November 27, anticipating by two days the announcement of the U.S. Treasury that the pegged offering price will be removed.

New York City MILAN POPOVIC

A Professor and the Army

In 1954 I was drafted and after serving two years honorably on Active Duty I was not required to participate in any further Army Reserve activities. Now, more than five

years later, I cannot in any realistic sense be called a trained soldier. But, in spite of this, I, at present a man 31 years of age and a College Professor, have been recalled "by direction of the President" to report on November 25th to Fort Devens, Massachusetts, for another twelve months of Active Duty as an Sp 4 (the equivalent of a PFC). Today, seven years after the date of my initial induction as a draftee, I am Assistant Professor of Philosophy and Science at St. Michael's College. For, after leaving the Army in 1956, I spent five years in Graduate School first at Boston College and then at the University of Toronto. This time, added to that which I had already spent in school prior to my induction in 1954, makes a total of twenty-two (22) years of education.

The possibility of recall into the Army is part of the price that a modern American has to pay for the enviable heritage of liberty which he enjoys. With this no loyal citizen can quarrel. However, it seems axiomatic that the government has an obligation "to exercise its mandate reasonably, equitably and with full regard for the disruptions which it inevitably causes." In my own case, I submit that such reasonable and fair exercise is woefully lacking. Taken back into the Army now as an Sp 4, I am leaving 110 college students whose teacher I am. (A wry sidelight on this is that most of my students have deferments from the draft in order to attend my classes.) At this late date, it is impossible for St. Michael's College to find a suitable replacement for me. Even apart from the fact that now at the age of 31 my personal life is being totally disrupted for the second time for no very compelling reason—I cannot help looking around at the black leather jacket brigades standing idly on the street corners and in the taverns of every American city and asking myself if our society has gone mad.

Winooski Park, Vt. JOHN P. DOYLE

Mercenary: Term of Honor?

In news broadcasts I consistently hear the foreign volunteers fighting in the Katanga Army referred to as mercenaries. This confuses me no end. If the Hessian troops sent here willy-nilly by the Hessian Government to fight for England in the 1770's were mercenaries, what shall

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we call the UN troops sent to the Congo willy-nilly by *their* governments to fight for the United Nations? If the UN troops are not mercenaries then the Hessians were not mercenaries either. And if the foreigners fighting in the Katanga Army are mercenaries then Lafayette and von Steuben were mercenaries too, as were also the members of the Lafayette Escadrille in the early part of World War I and of Chennault's Flying Tigers in the early days of World War II.

Valley Stream, N.Y. LYON STEINE, M.D.

LETTER FROM FORMOSA

(Continued from p. 445)

may bleed China as Algeria is bleeding France.

These continuing pressures, social, economic and military, are doing much to keep China in a heightening state of tension. The imposition of yet another pressure, a strong one, from the outside, might cause it to snap.

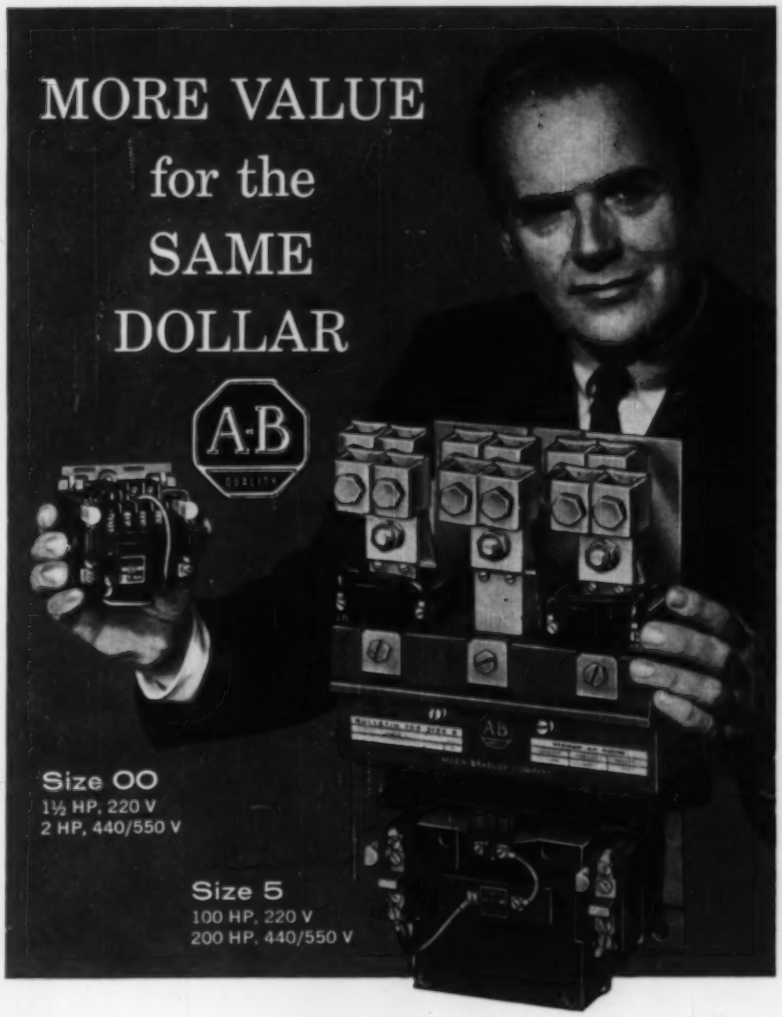
The planners in Taiwan struck me as realistic men. They know that they must depend heavily on factors outside their own control. First and foremost, they depend on the inhuman idiocies of the Communist regime. On these they feel they can rely. Secondly, they depend on America's "moral cooperation" when the crucial moment arrives. They hope that if history vouchsafes the West another Budapest, we will receive the opportunity gladly. I remarked jocularly to the President that the future of China would be far more certain if he would invite a planeload of selected American Liberals to Quemoy on an odd day. He affected (most properly) not to understand my point. But he—and all of China—wear the scars of American indecisiveness, and he knows what an uncertain ally we are. We have been grand to Formosa itself—lots of aid, and, most of the time, a policy of support for the offshore islands. But our outlook has been, and continues to be, defensive. A great deal depends on the crystallization of Mr. Kennedy's views on the world struggle. The Free Chinese know that the situation on the Mainland is in flux, and are poised to strike. There is not anywhere on the frontiers of freedom a more highly mobilized force for liberation.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from p. 458)

crest. As for the parents themselves, and their parents, they can recollect, and perhaps re-see, that past in a few moments of tranquillity snatched from the TV screen. The great days of passenger railroading are all here, the trains and locomotives and private cars, and the dining cars with their astounding menus. With all the tinsel, there is enough here, too, for deepbrows to chew on: for historians, who will see the nation's continental expansion mirrored in the relics of the once great industry with which it was most intimately bound; for sociologists, who could never exhaust the implications of the birth and flourishing and death of these "palace cars"; for the amateur philosopher, who might meditate the question whether the loss of glamor and true luxury may not be one part of the price we must forever pay for the mass blessings of the affluent society. J. BURNHAM

DRYDEN AND THE CONSERVATIVE MYTH, by Bernard N. Schilling (Yale, $6.00). What is one to make of a man who protests that *Hamlet* is concerned with larger questions than the political history of Denmark; only to proclaim that the play is about Kingship Itself? The critic takes wing—only to cross the street. That is Mr. Schilling's method in this study of *Absalom and Achitophel*. He asks us to rise above the topical satire in Dryden's attack on the Whigs—but only to see how he expressed the Tory concept of society in the seventeenth century. Flight over. Disembark. Actually, of course, Dryden used politics in *Absalom* as Pope was to use poetry in *The Dunciad*—as a symbol of that Order against which Chaos wars forever. In man all order is endangered, on the defense; but in Dryden's poem the conservative vision of Order turns, for an electric instant, to the attack. Those who cannot hear the uplifted trumpets that carry this sudden charge are not going to learn what man's blood and brains are for, from Mr. Schilling's discussion of Tory ideas —nor, I suspect, from anything else. G. WILLS



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